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WHAT ABOUT THE TWELVE?

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BY

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TO

MY FELLOW DISCIPLES

IN P. P. C.

PREFACE

When I have preached a sermon it is always interesting to learn from remarks and notes of my auditors how many sermons I have preached. Often I am not much complimented by the things I am reported to have said, frequently I am humbled, occasionally amused, and generally encouraged. It would seem that one sermon to fifteen hundred people becomes fifteen hundred sermons by the time the benediction is pronounced, for each mind has seized upon some thought, illustration, allusion, or circumstance of the service and has proceeded to construct a sermon of its own. These may be but "broken lights" of the pulpit message but more likely they are quite original compositions. This is one item in the minister's list of encouragements, that he starts something which is a good deal bigger than he sees it to be.

So it is with the lives of the twelve apostles. Books have been written of them, careful encyclopædic bits of scholarship have aimed to give fairly accurate impressions, and so many sermons have been preached on them that "if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." And yet new minds get at least some new impressions; therefore, another volume on the men who were big enough to qualify for a place in "the sworn twelve" may, on this ground, be allowed.

R. F.

Pasadena, California,
January, 1929.

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I

AUDACIOUS PRESUMPTIONS

"Games, with men as balls."
PLAUTUS, *Captivi.*

"And Jesus came and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matthew 28: 18–20.

I

AUDACIOUS PRESUMPTIONS

"Games, with men as balls."

There are great moments in the world's history that kindle the imagination by their very mention. Abraham with his lovely bride turns his back on Chaldea, daring to leave the birthplace of world empires in answer to a command heard in the soul, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house into a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation"; turns his back on all experience and tradition, and dares go forth to found a kingdom of the spirit. The discouraged Columbus, his dreams adjudged chimerical by the governments of Venice, Genoa, Portugal, France, and England, stands with his little son, Diego, at the door of the convent La Rabidha begging food, there to be overtaken by couriers and summoned to the court of Spain, to the open door, to opportunity, and to fame. Balboa, standing thigh deep in the blue Pacific, the sun shining on sword and shield, claims the western waters for the kingdom of Castile. John Knox, before his queen in Holyrood Palace, cries, "I am in the place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth, and the truth I speak, impugn it who list." Galileo makes his great test from the top of the leaning tower at Pisa. Lord Chatham appears for the last time in the House of Lords, wrapped in blankets and leaning on

crutches, declaring he had more than one foot in the grave, in a last effort to defend the liberties of the Colonies. The Declaration of Independence was signed in a day of caligraphic flourishes: see John Hancock making his bold dash for all the world to note; Stephen Hopkins, none the less courageous, but leaving a signature that is but a shaky scrawl; or plain John Morton with the simple boyish hand that is easily passed over in the midst of the others. That brief two and a half minutes of eloquence at the scene of the Battle of Gettysburg was destined to be the sample for centuries of what can be done with the simple words of our language.

Any one of these at once fans to a flame the imagination even of the simplest mind. Think, for example, of the return of Jesus from Judea to Galilee, when he came to start something bigger than nationality, more far reaching than knowledge, with power in itself to defy boundaries and barriers, barbarity and brutality, and destined never to die. There are at least seven audacious presumptions that present themselves as we consider Jesus' call and commission of the twelve.

The first presumption, and probably the most appalling, is that Jesus had something worth while, something fundamental, something indispensable to human happiness and salvation. Whatever we may say about the divinity of our Lord we know that he was a man, that he suffered the limitations of a man, that he got hungry, thirsty, weary, sleepy, lonely. May he not at times have been as sensible of mental insufficiency as of physical? He knows of the efforts and failures of prophets; he knows of daring attempts to found new religions and to stir to new revivals, but he is undisturbed by that history. He sees the eternally present problems. There is the terrific

problem of poverty—he does not set himself to that in particular. There is the universal curse of disease—that he does not attack in a large way. Criminalism he knows, as witness the story of the good Samaritan and other parables—he does not deal with that in particular. Wars cut down the stalwart youth of his day as of ours, but he makes no crusade to stop it. He dares to presume that if he can take something out of the heart of man, and if he can put something into the heart of man, he can solve these problems by cutting their roots. And further, he dares to presume that he is the one person under heaven who can take that something out of man, and that he has that one something which is indispensable to put in.

His second presumption is that that something can be communicated to others so that in his absence it will go on doing its work. There are few fathers who do not hesitate to commit going business concerns to their sons, of whom they always have thought as mere boys, few senior members of firms who do not have troubled hearts at the thought of turning over the reins of office and power into the hands of junior partners. There are uncertain qualities and qualifications; there are questions of personality, of the wisdom to buy and sell, of the balance of conservatism and audacity, of honour and dependability; and always the tendency to believe that those behind us are all too young. The wise father and the wise senior partner must come to the day when they dare make the experiment, presuming on the success of it, dare believe that they can pass on the best that they put into the firm to those who come after. Jesus had to make that same audacious presumption.

There was not merely the general presumption that what he had could be communicated, but the particular

presumption that he could communicate that something to the twelve men whom he selected to be the repository of his treasure. We sing of the "Gloriosus Apostolorum Chorus," but that was written a long time after the days of the twelve, and I doubt whether you would have invited Simon Peter to be your guest at the University Club, or be pleased to introduce Matthew to address Kiwanis or Rotary, or whether you would have been proud to be immortalized in a snapshot taken with Thomas on your one side and Judas on the other. What a gamble, to commit a world cause to a handful of such men! Suppose we had been asked for advice in the picking of the twelve. Should we have chosen any such group as those appointed by Jesus? I think not. With a cause in mind that was expected to reach to the ends of the earth we should have picked the conspicuous, distinguished people of our day—the mayor of Jerusalem, the senator of the district, the high priest of the temple (or at least his son-in-law, to be sure the family was represented), the chief justice of the Supreme Court of Palestine, of course, the president of the First National Bank of Jerusalem, the chancellor of the Hebrew University, the head of the Chamber of Commerce, a resident from one of the big houses over on the Mount of Olives, and another from the fashionable district just outside the Jaffa Gate, the author of the latest best seller, and, for political reasons, a representative of the Labor Council. We should have assured them that we didn't expect any work from them, all we desired was the advantage of their names. But maybe I'm wrong on half of these selections, for you doubtless would have been wise enough to put on the president of the Civic League, the leader of the Shakespeare Club, and three or four other

prominent figures in the world of women's activities. It is inconceivable that if we had had anything of world moment to push we should have gone to the untutored, to the serving folk, the wage earners, the miners, the fishers, the labourers. But then, we should never have planned that so great a statesman as Benjamin Franklin should be the son of an immigrant tallow chandler, that so distinguished an artist as Augustus Saint-Gaudens should have been born of a French shoemaker and should point to the daughter of an Irish plasterer for his mother, that presidents of the United States of America should have been born in the poverty of log cabins, or that the Joseph and Moses of the black people should have been a slave like Frederick Douglas or the child of slaves like Booker T. Washington.

Perhaps we say too much of the obscurity and inferiority of some of the apostles; yet take them at the best possible, say that if they were not scholars they were not illiterate, that they were moral, godly men who loved the synagogue and had that high average of education obtained within the walls of these little buildings and under the tutelage of the scholars of the day; say that though they were not unique, original, imaginative, yet they were made alert and energetic by the kind of work they pursued, with that free dash that is often lost in the process of refinement. Say your best, and yet I doubt whether you would have picked them. They were not all alike. They would give no uniform reflection of the Son of Man. They certainly were not like Jesus. They had their conspicuous failings. Up nearly to the end of his life they failed to be outstandingly spiritual. They were intolerant, ambitious, capable of being unkind, and even of being cruel. And yet our Lord picked them.

Again, there is the presumption that if what Jesus had could be communicated, and if he could communicate that something to that particular group, they, with all their evident handicaps and in his absence, would in turn be able to pass on that something to an ever widening circle. They were without money. "Take nothing for the road but a staff; carry no bread in your wallets, no pence in your purse; go only shod with sandals and possessing but one coat." They were without literature, that indispensable of modern propaganda. How vividly I recall my helplessness in 1917 in France when it was expected of me that I promote religion throughout our army there without Testaments, without hymn books, without pamphlets of any sort. Jesus had written nothing; none of the apostles had at that time written anything; and if they had there were no printing machines, no multipliers. They were without organization. Some of us are oppressed by organization but we cannot afford to despise it for we are dependent upon it. How futile would it have been in the days of the war if each man had taken his rifle and a pocketful of cartridges and gone off on his own. No matter though we all agreed on the end to be attained, that would have been the method of waste and inefficiency. They were without social backing, save only from a few generous women who offered occasional lodging and made contributions to the treasury. They were, no doubt, courageous. They left all; and though that may seem but little to us, any man's all is a lot. When Jesus said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head," they were staggered, but they responded, daring like him to face

deprivation. They made the physical response but could they do the rest?

Then there was the presumption that, if Jesus could communicate what he had to that group, and if they in turn were capable of communicating it beyond themselves, the nation would take it up, as if it could forget Jesus' irregularities, that he was a friend of publicans, a defender of sinners; that women of the streets wept unrebuked over his feet, while prominent citizens were embarrassed by merciless comparisons; that he despised conventions; that he found other laws higher than those of Moses; that he disregarded ceremonial stipulations and even ordinances, with such pleas as that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

Again, there is the presumption that if Jesus had something unique and could communicate it to his elect group, and if they could pass it on so that the nation would take it up, then the world too would give it welcome.

Once more, we see the presumption that if and when the best was done, then that best would prove to be what he wanted done, that the world would get, "by slow degrees, by more and more," that one something which he came into the world to give.

Were those not audacious presumptions? There was no bond or insurance policy to cover Judas's defection; Lloyd's Jerusalem branch never underwrote the success of the enterprise; but Jesus never hesitated to make the gamble—and his audacity was justified. Herod Agrippa laid hold on James and made him the first martyr of the Christian Church. The others faced prison, shipwreck, scourging, lions' dens, and torture. Andrew was crucified in that attitude that gives his name to the cross

decussate. Peter likewise, declaring himself unworthy to die as did his Lord, chose to be crucified head downward.

Meanwhile that something worked. It continued. The disciples could not see as far as the Lord, but they made his enterprise their enterprise. They chose him, as he had chosen them. They chose their twelves, as he had chosen his. The Christian Church goes on the democratic principles of the beehive. Suppose the only worker of the hive out gathering honey were the queen bee, and that once a week the others all assembled to feed on her accumulated wealth. Would that beehive be a success? Suppose the heart and lungs and all the members of the body were to say: "Let us employ the brain to do all the work. Once a week we'll just gather to learn all about what has been done." That body would be what many a church is, a dead one. The Church is an organized body for Christian work, not for periodic listening. We easily plead excuse for ourselves, intimating our incapacity, our inability; but Christ can do wonders with weak men to-day even as he did two thousand years ago. Certain psychological experiments have been carried on in England recently that show how hypnotized subjects, to whom is suggested inferiority, incapability, weakness, drop in their accomplishments sixty per cent. below their average; whereas that same group, with the suggestion in their hypnotic state that they are superior beings, that they are giants of physical and intellectual power, come forty per cent. above their normal average. Jesus can cast a spell over the weakest of us and make us capable of accomplishments far beyond our dreaming. If every one of us would be responsible for some intimate contact with twelve other people, would assume the responsibility for watching over that twelve, visiting them in their sick-

ness, noting their absence from the house of God, diligently pursuing them in friendly ministry, what a different church we should have! Even if each of us laid the burden on our conscience to care for one, to follow one, to bring one, how vastly we would add to the joy of our living and the satisfaction thereof. "The evil that men do lives after them," says Shakespeare. What about the good? Weeds will grow anywhere, but roses and violets need cultivation. Because we are deeply conscious that we have started things going, sins, vile tales, that are irrecoverable, we must needs set ourselves to the task of some sort of serious Christian ministry. It was for us as well as for the apostles that Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

Mr. S. D. Gordon conceives an imaginary conversation between Jesus and Gabriel at the time of our Lord's return to heaven. "Master, you died for the whole world down there, did you not?" asked the archangel. "Yes." "You must have suffered much." "Yes." "And do they all know about it?" "Oh, no, only a few in Palestine thus far." "Well, Master, what is your plan? What have you done about letting the world know?" "I asked Peter, James, and John, and little Andrew and a few of them, just to make it the business of their lives to tell others and so to pass it on." "Yes, but suppose Peter fails? Suppose after a while John grows weary in his well-doing, and neglects to tell others? Judas failed, and all the rest may too. Suppose their descendants in the Twentieth Century get so busy about machinery and fortune-hunting that they cease to pass on the good word?" Then came the quiet voice of Jesus saying: "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plan. I am counting on them." That was the great presumption.

II

PETER

"Ice makes no conflagration."
BROWNING, *Bishop Blougram.*

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven . . . He turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."—Matthew 16: 17, 23.

II

PETER

"Ice makes no conflagration."

The task of analyzing, card-indexing, and cataloguing human beings may be interesting, but it is not easy. Each one of us has the conceit, a conceit by no means unwarranted, that he could never be adequately accounted for under any classification. Even the most regular, dependable, typical among us, the most flawlessly shaped in the mould, are likely at unexpected moments to reveal irregularities in structure impossible of being foreseen, or, to change the figure, to fly from their orbit, like ambitious electrons that covet to wander in other atomic worlds. If that be true of the least of us how much more disconcertingly true it is of the great ones. It would be useful and comfortable if each of us could be designated by an exhaustive symbol, just as we indicate sulphuric acid as H_2SO or the so-called laughing-gas as N_2O, so that at sight of the formula we should know the length and breadth and depth of the person. In human beings, however, there is always an x, an unknown quantity of an unknown quality. Peter is doubtless the best known of that distinguished group whom the Master chose, that is, there is more of record said about him and to him and by him than the others, and we comment more freely about his character and his deeds, comment now with approval

and now with easy scorn, as if we knew the man altogether. But Peter is perhaps the most difficult of the whole cabinet to analyze.

By the Sixth Century each of the twelve was represented by a particular symbol—James the pilgrim's staff, John the eagle, Matthew the purse; then, as tokens of the martyr death they died, the saw for Simon the Zealot, the halberd for Thaddeus, the fuller's club for James the less; while, because he was flayed alive, Bartholomew is portrayed with a butcher's knife, and sometimes more gruesomely, as in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," carrying his own skin in hand. Manifestly most of those are not truly symbolic, they are but the setting forth of what were presumably historic incidents. Similarly Peter's symbol of the keys tells us nothing of the man; it only records that once the Saviour said to him; "I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." If the rock had been chosen, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church" (I presume it has not been so chosen because it is not so pictorial as the keys, "rusty for Lord Byron and for Milton gold and iron"), but if there had been chosen that descriptive which Jesus applied to Peter once, it would not have been an adequate crystallization of his whole career. A symbol is a kind of nickname (ekename, added name), and we choose nicknames, and for that matter all names, too inconsiderately.

If I were to choose a classic symbol for Peter, one that seems true to character and is linked with his name in the New Testament, I should choose the tongue of fire. You recall the phenomenon of Pentecost when the disciples were assembled in the upper chamber waiting they hardly knew what, tarrying only because they so under-

stood the command. "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." Fire! The tongue of fire! There is the symbol for Peter, and therefore the topic set in the words of Browning's philosophic bishop, "Ice makes no conflagration." He was kin to Elijah and Martin Luther, a triumvirate hardly cut out for conventional clergymen. He could safely be given many guesses as to the identity of his own statue and portrait in the world's great ecclesiastical centres, adorned with papal crown and robes and having his brazen toe kissed away by never failing throngs.

One reason for my choice is that, in contrast with the fixity of a key for example, flame is a variable; there are no two moments when it is quite alike. It is, if you will, inconsistent. The only consistency of the flame is its heat. So far as its conduct is concerned it is consistently inconsistent. Consistency was never the maddening virtue of Saint Peter. He may have sung, but he never chanted a monotone. On the walls of the Preventorium I noted one afternoon, a set of charts whereon are plotted the weight records of certain of the boys, and those laddies as eagerly watch these as do you the rise and fall of the market and exchange. I heard one small six-year-old cry, when he had recovered the power of speech temporarily blocked by the clinical thermometer, "What is it?" "Ninety-eight six, son!" "Oh, normal! hooray, it's normal!" The aim there is the straight horizontal line, a fixed level. But in no life is there any such line of invariable horizontality to record temper, energy, enthusiasm, kindness, happiness, affection, diligence, success;

it is a constant zigzag. And Peter's chart would have to be double length north and south.

It was heat that gave Peter his place of leadership. He is the first mentioned in the several lists of the apostles. He is described by Chrysostom as "the mouth of the apostles," "the Coryphæus of the apostle choir." He is evidently the acknowledged chairman in the council of the early Church. He is referred to by Paul as one of the "pillar apostles." Why? Heat, fire, flame. His companions may have thought of things to do, and refrained from the doing; with him to think them was to do them. Other disciples were perplexed with questions; it was Peter who asked them. He hesitated not because of the proprieties. It was just like him to flare up in his vision of the sheet let down from heaven carrying all manner of beasts, and tell even God what he thought of him for the suggestion of a feast on unclean meats. In him was that explosive, warlike spirit that Josephus says has ever been characteristic of the Galilean people. He was full of combustibles and he always carried his own fire. Doubtless from his fellow disciples he often called forth judgment for his hasty speech and impulsive action. Perhaps, too, weary of their slow blood, he sometimes turned on them with scorching words: "Blame me if ye will for my blundering ways. Think you I am insensible of them? Charge me with indeliberate action, with unconsidered address. But tell me, you who see my faults so clearly, you, Thomas, who pride yourself on your probing mind, what have you done to further the Master's cause? You, Philip, who conceit yourself on your philosophic bent, what revolution have you wrought in his name? You all, who prate on keeping cool, and thinking things through, and not being swept away by emotion—God knows you have little to

worry about—what town have you taken, what household have you shaken, what clamant voices have you set to cry for him? Blunderer! But better a few flaming blunderers than a host of you frozen in inactivity. Ice makes no conflagration."

The first period of his life was one of *generally uncontrolled heat*. He might blaze any moment and burn anything. His fire might be a good one or a bad one; that is, one to win approval or otherwise. Take a sample of that sudden incandescence.

It is a quiet morning on the lake, only enough breeze to fill the dark brown sails that move like birds toward the north. Now they are making the line for Bethsaida harbour, while the more successful, already moored, have emptied their catch on the shore and the fishermen are busy washing their decks and their nets. Among those thus occupied are two brothers, both mature men and with perhaps ten years difference in their ages. The younger, from time to time, as they work together, casts earnest glances at his brother. It is evident he admires him, holds him in awe, and is fearful lest an importunate and argumentative plea fail of its purpose, bringing forth only passionate denunciation.

"You know, brother, I have been much interested in the preaching of the strange son of Zacharias. He is different from the priests we have known, and whom you have always scorned as lazy self-seekers and denounced as hypocrites. You'd like his preaching. Why, the Roman soldiers, and you know what they are, dissolute fellows who fear neither God nor man, come to him for light on righteousness. The Scribes and Pharisees and the rulers of the land have been told blunt truths about themselves since this man took to the wilderness for his cathedral—

'generations of vipers,' that's what he calls them. Nor has it all been mere preaching. Hundreds have been led to repentance and have been baptized into newness of life. Maybe you have not noticed it, Simon, but I've been trying to be a different man myself since I heard the Baptist. God knows I had enough to repent of!"

During all this the older man makes no comment. He might be stone deaf, so unresponsive is he. His eyes and his hands are busy about his net, never once does he look up. When, however, Andrew half sighs, "God knows I had enough to repent of," there is a low grunt from Simon. Maybe it is confirmatory, maybe it is contradictory, maybe it is the involuntary cry of a heart conscious of its own transgression. And Andrew goes on, perhaps encouraged.

"But, brother, the chief wonder about this man and his preaching is that he does not pose as some great person. He has always been saying, 'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! There cometh one mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose.' And, oh, Simon, that One has come! Three days ago, while we listened to the Baptist preach, we saw him fix his eyes on the fringe of the crowd, and lifting his hand, he pointed and said: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' So great was the press then, I failed to see the stranger; but next day, when Zebedee's son and I were alone with the teacher, he pointed again and said, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' And there he was, a wondrous man, with the sins of the world on his heart and the heart of God in his face. We could not but follow, seeking his dwelling place. He bade us spend the night with him, for

it was then the tenth hour. And so you fished alone two nights ago. We slept little that night, for verily this is a prophet, a teacher sent from God, who reads our hearts as the rabbi does his scroll. Simon, we have found the Messias!"

Just what answer the elder man would have made to this enthusiastic testimony, whether he would have maintained his stoical silence or poured a denunciatory torrent of sulphuric language on the head of his gullible younger brother, we shall not know; for at that moment, as Andrew repeated almost breathlessly, "We have found the Messias!" Simon looked up to behold, close by the side of his fishing smack, the face that won his heart forever; and, dropping his nets and forsaking his ship, he gave immediate response to the invitation, "Follow me!"

That was characteristic of Peter. Never before had he seen Jesus, perhaps he had not even heard of him, but like a flash he responded to a face that he liked, behind which he intuitively discerned the mastery of a conquering spirit. From the extreme of stolidity he swung to the extreme of hot enthusiasm. He never could be content to do things by halves.

Recall how he, flushed and breathless, found the Lord up in the hills whither he had gone for a morning of prayer and exhorted him saying: "Lord, what are you about? There's no time for this quiet hour business. Don't you know all men seek you? Capernaum is an open door. I have attended to the advertising campaign. Not a stroke of work will be done there this day if you will come right along. This will be our first city completely won to the new religion. Let's go!" All that, only to discover he was wrong and the Master's plan led elsewhere.

"Let us build here three tabernacles, one for Moses, one for Elias, and one for thee." Again a futile flame. "Thou shalt never wash my feet," and a moment later, "Not my feet only but my head and my hands." "Far be it from thee, O Lord, the way of the cross shall not be thine." "If it be thou, bid me walk to thee on the waters." Heat, the heat of a child without control.

The two outstandingly blazing moments are those of the great confession at Cæsarea Philippi and the denial in the hall of judgment, a good fire and a bad. Again the other disciples were indecisive or at least slow. They hid their own lack of conviction in their guise of reporters. They seemed to Peter cowardly, disloyal, afraid to commit themselves; and out it leaped, his own passionate faith, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Whatever Jesus meant by the famous word that followed, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," a declaration whose meaning has been as much debated as any in Old or New Testament, Peter never forgot it. No pride had he of election to episcopal primacy, no foolish fancy that he was the foundation of the Church. When, in his old age, men would say complimentary things about his place and his power and his preëminence as the rock bottom of the Church, there would come a faraway look in Peter's eye and he would say: "Behold I lay in Zion a chief cornerstone. Unto you which believe, he is precious, but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense."

I think they had all made the confession, but not until Peter took the lead. Maybe in response to Christ's query, "Will ye also go away?" they had all said, "Lord, to

whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." But Peter had to say it first. Maybe they all felt the shame which prompted the utterance, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man," but it was Peter who spoke the words. Doubtless they all wished for someone to attack the arresting soldiers in Gethsemane, but it was only Peter who slashed at Malchus' head—and being a fisherman and not a soldier, succeeded only in getting an ear. Peter had to initiate everything. He carried the load for all. He was like a woman who has a husband devoured with tuberculosis and a half dozen children to be fed, compelled to earn a living for herself and all of them, and consequently on the edge of a physical collapse. Peter was a nervous wreck when he reached the hall of justice; he was shell-shocked and it showed. It showed in that odd way you and I have remarked when a broken woman revolts against the husband of her love, or when a dog gone mad bites those of the household in which it has been fed. When a body gives off energy to make heat, by so much it loses. Peter was sapped. He had supplied heat for the whole company and like Elijah he had reached the point of desperation where he could cry, "I, even I only, am left." Virtue had gone out of him. The natural fuel was all consumed yet the fire remained. It must devour something and it seizes upon the timbers of the house itself. Those curses and that denial, they are not criminal—they are pathological. One look from the loving, understanding, forgiving Lord was sufficient reviving tonic; and he went out and wept bitterly. Of course he never could forgive himself, for to him it was sin and not disease. Maybe it was of himself he thought in later years when he spoke of the "dog returning to his vomit again and the sow

that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Alexander Whyte has a dramatic conception of Peter preaching Judas's funeral sermon, and searches for the thoughts that possessed the heart of Peter as he climbed the pulpit stairs. Poor old Peter! It would be an hour of much self-scrutiny and self-blame.

The second period is one of *generally controlled heat.* It begins with the resurrection, the interview, the commission. If before Pentecost Peter was a leader, he was more so than ever afterward. You who unreservedly blame Peter for cowardice in the judgment hall, look at him after Pentecost, spokesman of the Church, fearlessly championing a hated cause and charging the Jewish authorities themselves with responsibility for the death of Christ. Look at him, when by those authorities he is told to keep quiet, as he answers that his duty is to obey God rather than man. No doubt he blundered still once in a while but the blunder is the exception now, not the rule. He is by no means infallible. He exposes himself to the criticisms of Paul but he makes no attempt at withering reply. He keeps his heat for power. His temperament remains unchanged. He is still the fiery son of Jonas. He always has a head of steam but generally his hand is on the throttle.

What was the flame? It was the heat of devotion to Jesus Christ. It moved Peter to say foolish things, sometimes things that were close to being impertinent. It moved him to propose wild schemes, but it made him a glorious man of unquenchable loyalty, irresistible force, and unsurpassable courage. There is the tradition that Christ returned to the earth at the time of the persecution of the Christians under Nero and met Peter fleeing from the dangers of Rome across the Campagna.

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray,
A vision flashed along the Appian Way;
Divinely on the pagan night it shone,
A mournful Face, a Figure hurrying on;
Though haggard, and dishevelled, frail and worn,
A King of David's lineage, crowned with thorn.
"Lord, whither farest?" Peter, wondering, cried.
"To Rome," said Christ, "to be re-crucified."
Into the night the vision ebbed like breath,
And Peter turned and rushed on to Rome and death.

I don't believe that tradition is to be trusted. That was not the Peter after Pentecost. Such action is not true to character. Everything he did was definitely linked with devotion to Jesus. But if he had failed in that dark day, had turned his back on his suffering companions, one look from that same Christ would have been enough to send him back to take his place on the martyr's cross at the word of Rome's mad monarch.

When the Lord is pictured in the revelation as saying, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth," it was not Peter he had in mind. The worst disease is being cold. Lukewarm water never blew the lids off kettles, nor turned a wheel, nor generated power—"Ice makes no conflagration." No, rather does the Lord say: "Thou art Peter, whose vagaries and whose inconsistencies I know, but kingdoms are built of such as thou. Not even the kingdom of God can go far without just such humans as thou art and just such qualities as are thine."

If we could ask Peter what he thinks of Christ, I doubt not he would speak for many of us. I fancy he would make answer somewhat like this: "I cannot understand how

the Master ever chose me as one of the twelve, for I was as far from having any stuff for Christian character as ever man was. I was a wilful, sinful, self-governed man. I could never be a devout mystic like John, son of Zebedee, or a prophet and theologian like John, son of Zacharias. I could only be a plain, blunt man, plainer and blunter than most. I could only exemplify human nature at its crudest and its rudest. But he called me, and he taught me to love; by love he slowly tempered my passions; for love's sake he forgave me my great transgressions. Oh, how he loved me! Oh, how I loved him! For love of him I'd make my bed in hell. 'Simon, son of Jonas,' he used to say, 'lovest thou me?' and I would make answer, 'Ah, Lord, thou knowest I am a swearing old fisherman; I'm a blundering Christian; I deny thee; I'm a thorn in the flesh of my fellow apostles. I am no sentimentalist; I'd feel ill at ease with my head resting on thy shoulder—but thou knowest that I love thee.' I was *Christ's one* from the hour I set eyes on the Lord, but ever since then the slow, slow work of making me a little *Christlike* has been going on. What I think of Christ can never be told; but men may guess from seeing me, passionate, sinful, cursing, wilful, clinging to him as my only hope of deliverance from myself, returning to him every time I fail for the assurance of his mercy and the renewal of his grace. Surely my storm-tossed life slowly being changed, my violent passions, not repressed but redirected and reinvested, are testimony enough of what I think of him. I failed him before the cross, I failed him after the resurrection, but he never failed me. I'm not yet an ideal Christian but, with open face, I'm beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and I'm being changed into the

same image from glory to glory. Think of it! He sent me, me whom he knows better than I know myself, to be his messenger and ambassador; and lo! as I have served him unseen, I have found him ever closer to me than breathing ever nearer than hands or feet."

III

ANDREW

"A man may be a pagan alone; he cannot be a Christian."
CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus."—John 1: 40–42.

III

ANDREW

"A man may be a pagan alone; he cannot be a Christian."

Over two hundred years ago, in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, Italy, Father Ludovico Antonio Muratori, distinguished historian and antiquary, found a portion of an ancient treatise upon the New Testament Canon which, consequently, has been called the Muratorian Fragment. It is one of the most valuable of papers, the oldest Latin church document extant, dating back to 170–180 A.D. The early part of it is gone, but clearly that must have been a discussion of the Gospels written by Matthew and Mark, for Luke (at which point the fragment begins) is called the third. It is, however, its explanation of the origin of the Fourth Gospel which, for the moment, interests me. John, it would appear, having been exhorted by his fellow apostles to write his story of the great life, turned to them saying, "Fast ye with me for three days; then let us tell each other whatever shall have been revealed to each one." On that same night it was revealed to Andrew that John it was who should relate in his name whatever they should collectively recall, and so speak for all, saying, "What we have seen with our eyes, what we have heard with our ears, what we have handled with our hands, these things we write unto you." A pretty tradition, you may say; and

yet there is at least one point strikingly true to character, namely, that it should have been Andrew who made the practical suggestion, and having made that suggestion for the profit of the many, at once withdrew himself from sight. That is Andrew just as the New Testament itself portrays him.

Unless one be a parasite or a sycophant or very insignificant or very humble or very philosophical, one would be ill content always to be referred to as the brother of one's brother. There must needs be a deal of family pride to compensate for the necessity of carrying the burden of the title "Junior." I wonder that women have not long since revolted against being classified in hotel registers as mere appendages to their lords, or afterthoughts—John A. Cockalorum, and wife; for surely Mrs. Cockalorum has as much right to the name as John, a name for the possession of which she made sacrifice of her own. In what contempt do we hold those who are ever eager to bask in the glory of the accomplishments of others, boasting kinship or neighbourhood or fraternal name or like accident, ordered neither by personal choice nor quality. Odd, then isn't it, that one of so small a group as composed the apostolic circle should nearly always have been described as Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. If he had some check on that Gospel of John, as the Muratorian Fragment hints, and as his own intimacy with John would lead one to expect, would you not have thought that, from that record at least, the constant reiteration of kinship and implied inferiority would have been expunged? Of course you would, if Andrew had been like you or me. I have known lads who refused to go to the same university attended by older brothers because they resented the possibility of being merely

echo or shadow to those brothers. Most children, I suppose, if they have any personality at all, take great pleasure in getting far enough away from home to have an identity of their own, to be something other than only their parents' children. Well, Andrew did not feel that way. He had that humility and that philosophy which kept him from being irked by the subordination.

Peter's name leads in every list of the twelve. Andrew never appears in the first three. He is overshadowed by his more brilliant brother but he is neither incensed, embarrassed, nor depressed. There are few who have the flaming personality of Simon—even our Lord seems to be more enthusiastic over the coming of Peter than of Andrew—"Thou art Simon, son of Jonas; thou shalt be called Cephas." Some, too, who have that gift have little else. Have we not seen those who, for originality of ideas, for diligence in labour, for thoughtfulness in organization and efficiency in promotion, are really conspicuously second or third rate, yet because endowed with that electric spark that is the gift of the gods, that power, which is real art, to make glorious even the commonplace, have position and praise and power far beyond their earning? Andrew never walked on the sea, he never swung swords at enemy heads, he never harangued the thousands nor cried defiance in courts of law—only flaming Peter could do these. But he had the Messianic vision long before his elder brother and he it was who put into the back of Peter's head the idea, "We have found the Christ," the idea that later blazed out in the great Petrine Confession that all the world acclaims, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter is credited with turning the keys that opened the doors of Christian fellowship to the uncircumcised Gentiles, but Andrew long before

had prepared the way for the vision and the voice from heaven by staging in Jerusalem a little drama with Greek inquirers in the foreground. Andrew knew he had no such popular endowment, no such art as Peter; but he knew, too, that God had not left him without talents, the talents of the second fiddle. It is given to the first violin to play the air but its music is enriched and its ministry enhanced by the background of melody that issues from the lesser instruments.

There are those to whom the interest of Christianity is wholly intellectual. This does not mean that they are of superior intelligence, often quite the contrary, but somehow it has become their habit to judge themselves and others by their "I believe" or "I don't believe." Such find it difficult, indeed often consider it wrong, to be tolerant toward all those of more elastic beliefs—"Lord, we have found one casting out demons in Thy name. Forbid him, for he followeth not us." There are others to whom religion is feeling, a thing of beauty, of ecstasy, those who wonder, love, and praise, who have their best moments in great assemblies, who are not clever at defining and differentiating, but who, though they know not the colours of the rainbow, walk in the light and love it. There are still others for whom religion is action, who speak sneeringly of the first group as coldly intellectual and of the second as frothy and emotional, but who, moved by devotion to the same Christ as these others, labour without rest for the good of their fellows. They cling to such texts as, "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction," "Faith without works is dead." These three, of course, are not mutually exclusive in any individual, but, in most of us, one or other aspect of religious quality is dominat-

ing. Andrew's, for example, was a social gospel; he belonged in the third class. Of this we have three illustrations.

First, we read that immediately following his interview with Jesus he set out to find and to win his brother. Now that's a most difficult place to begin. One of my boyhood advisers insisted, when I had made the decision to follow Christ, that I must tell my father and my minister. It was not easy to tell either but it was particularly difficult to tell Father. I considered it for days. I made preliminary approaches, always only to make retreat. At length I was resolved not to let another day dawn before I had made my declaration. I waited till evening. I waited for the night. I waited till I was in bed. I waited till the lights went out. I waited till Father was in bed. And then, with none of the fine phrasings and settings I had dreamed, I blurted out my confession of faith, the confession of a shivering laddie who was the victim of stage fright because he had to open his heart to his own family. Nor is it altogether improbable that my father would have found it any easier to open up his heart to me.

The assignment to convert one's own household is no small one. It requires courage. But, more than courage, it requires character. Our families know us, they know our weaknesses, our inconsistencies, our hypocrisies, and any preaching from us is backgrounded by what they know we are. And what they know of us either gives force to or takes all force from what they hear from us. Andrew went to his brother, and Andrew got his brother. Andrew was such a man as had influence in his own household. Andrew's life did not give the lie to his lips when he took to moralizing.

Second, we see Andrew in the setting of a wider social

interest, demonstrating that he was not only the kind of man who could hold the respect of his relatives but was also the kind of man who could win the trust of little children. When the multitude was hungry and the perplexing question was up as to where and how to get food, it was to Andrew the Capernaum boy came with his meagre lunch of five buns and a bit of cooked bream. It was Andrew brought together the two wires to induce the miraculous current. "And Jesus took the loaves." I can hear the laddie's heart hammer now, at this far remove. I'd like to have been that boy listening to that prayer of thanksgiving. What a memory for him! What a memory for Andrew, too, that he had been enough to a small lad to make possible a wide joint ministry for him and the Saviour.

He stirs in me grateful memories of those who won my boyhood's affection and with patient understanding gently led me in the way of life. God send my lads such saving friends! He makes me think of some who, without praise or reward, are constantly busy working for the protection and well-being of boys who otherwise had not been given a fair chance to be decent members of society, who save them from the jails and the spawning beds of crime and put them where boys can be boys with upright men for their heroes. He makes me think of those who steadily strive to hedge about the years of childhood with such guarding laws as will defy the inroads of the cruel and the avaricious who prey upon the defenseless. Growth of population is not very important, not important at all unless we are planning for more wars; but the rise in quality, the improvement in the conditions of living, the bettering of those who live—that is important. It is better that ten farmers have education enough to use modern

scientific methods than that they have a hundred children to keep up the old crude ways. Race suicide! Who are we to speak of it, who know not how to care for children when they are born? We boast of a land where all are created free and equal. At least that should mean equality of bodily care, equality of intellectual opportunity, equality of moral pressure, equality of spiritual inspiration. But there are proportionately two or three times as many children killed and injured in industrial accidents as adults. Working children contribute four times their share to juvenile delinquency. Body, mind, and soul, all are sapped till there is no resistance, and disease and ignorance and crime work their will.

"Smiling dolly with eyes of blue,
Was it lovely where they fashioned you?
Were there laughing gnomes, and did the breeze
Toss the snow along the sparkling trees?"

"Tiny hands and chill, and thin rags torn;
Faces drawn with wakeful night and morn;
Eyes that strained until they could not see,
Little mother, where they fashioned me."

"Gold haired dolly, in your silken dress,
Tell me where you found your loveliness.
Were they fairy-folk who clad you so,
Gold wands quivering and wings aglow?"

"Narrow walls and low, and tumbled bed,
One dim lamp to see to choose the thread,
This was all I saw till dark came down,
Little mother, where they sewed my gown."

"Blue-eyed dolly on my Christmas tree,
Tell the wonder-things you saw to me.
Were there golden birds and silver dew
In the fairylands they brought you through?"

"Weary footsteps all, and weary faces,
Serving crowded in the crowded places.
This was all I saw the Christ-eve through,
Little mother, ere I came to you."

"Blue-eyed dolly in the Christmas green,
What do all your stranger-stories mean?
Are there children, then, who cannot say
Thanks to Christ for this His natal day?"

"Ay, there's weariness and want and shame,
Pain and evil, in the kind Christ's name,
Things the peasant Christ-Child could not know
In his quiet manger long ago."

It is a noble and praiseworthy company that steadily endeavours to protect little children by the enactment of laws which serve as restraints for the brutal and unscrupulous.

The consideration of these several groups who work for the welfare of boys and girls makes me think of many young men and young women who have not yet found the joy of helping those in the ranks of the generation just behind them. They have their own select groups. They enjoy their instruction and their meetings and their discussions. But on these they gorge themselves and grow fat and flabby. They suffer their great heroic period to go to waste, a period that all too soon rushes by and comes not again, a period when they could be more than the angel Gabriel to some other soul. Those disciples of Jesus were young men, all younger than he. Peter was the only married one among them and Andrew stood out as the youthful hero for that laddie.

Third, this social character of Andrew's religion shows in the incident of the visit of the inquiring Greeks, who came to Philip and Andrew because they were the only

ones of the twelve who had Greek names. Philip, however, did not know what to do. He knew how to ask questions but not how to answer them. Andrew knew. It may be that he had thought over the problem beforehand and was ready for it. He was already an internationalist. No people were to him "scum o' the earth." I have been seeing some of his kin, people who are as busy in their professional duties as any of us, but who make spare time for the effort to redeem our country's reputation in the eyes of other nations and to establish understanding and good will between us and them, who open their homes to the students from other lands now resident in our universities. They are not urging the changing of our laws, the breaking down of our quota system, but they do urge that these picked men and women of other lands should see us at our best. They do urge that we treat these, the guests of our nation, as becomes decent hosts, especially we who bear the name of Christ. They are but young lads and girls to-day but to-morrow they will be back in the places of power in their own land, like Wellington Koo in China, who so short a time ago was an undergraduate in Columbia. Who shall say how far the attitude and treatment of American people will go then to keep peace and promote good will between the nations?

Thus, you see, Andrew was not merely Peter's brother. I fancy there were times when his fellows would laughingly remark: "The Lord called Peter a rock. That's a fine one! Why, any one would know that he is but a rolling stone and that his younger brother is the real rock in that family." It is fitting that he should have become the patron saint of the sturdy Scot and his decussate cross the sign of their faith. He might have contended for the primacy, he who was the first of the

disciples. He might have argued at least for Peter's subordination, since he it was who had shown him the way. But no, that wasn't Andrew. He was content to be himself and quietly serve, and to leave the rest to God. Of course he couldn't preach like Peter, but wasn't it enough to have won the Peter who did the preaching? Who brought Dwight Moody to Christ? Whose trophy was Henry Drummond? Whose star was David Livingstone, or John G. Paton? Most of us could not guess at their names, yet they were links in the chain and without them the great messengers of Christ, as like as not, had never been. Andrew did not miss the acres of diamonds at his door. I have read of one who wanted to go to heaven, and when he woke to behold the majestic mountains, the glory of trees and the sparkling of waters, to hear the music of birds and the laughter of little children, exclaimed, "Ah, this is heaven indeed! How magnificent it all is!" only to be told by the angel, "No, this is the world in which you lived and which you never saw." That man was not Andrew. He never shut his eyes nor buried his talent. He might have written Longfellow's song:

> I shot an arrow into the air,
> It fell to the earth, I know not where;
> For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
> Could not follow it in its flight.
>
> I breathed a song into the air,
> It fell to the earth, I know not where;
> For who has sight so keen and strong,
> That it can follow the flight of song?
>
> Long, long afterward in an oak
> I found the arrow, still unbroke;
> And the song, from beginning to end,
> I found again in the heart of a friend.

IV

NATHANAEL

"A dream at the dark of dawn."
PADRAIC GREGORY, *The Dream Teller.*

"Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile! Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee."—John 1: 45–48.

IV

NATHANAEL

"A dream at the dark of dawn."

A studied portrait often utterly fails to do justice to the human subject when a snapshot, with its air of informality, immortalizes the essential personality. We have no portrait of the apostle we are now considering, but John in his gospel provides a snapshot. This is really all we have of Nathanael. It is never even said that the man of this name was an apostle. However, a good many scholars are convinced that he is to be identified with Bartholomew. Many argue that Bartholomew is a patronymic like Johnson or Peterson or MacDonald, and that the full name would be Nathanael Bar-Tholmai, just as Peter's was Simon Bar-Jonas; that the Synoptists never speak of Nathanael and the fourth gospel never mentions Bartholomew, but that Bartholomew appears in the lists of the first three next to Philip, which is Nathanael's natural place; that all the disciples Jesus called became apostles, unless Nathanael be an exception; that no one of them was commended for his qualities of character as was he; and that all his six companions, found by the Lord on the Sea of Tiberias after the resurrection, were of apostolic rank. Of course this does not make the identity certain but strongly supports its probability. The supposition creates no diffi-

culties and solves some problems. Let us presume that they were one.

What was Nathanael's occupation? Was he a fisherman by trade as some of the others, or was fishing only an avocation, as with many of us? Philip found him under a tree. Does that mean that he was in the midst of an orchard and therefore was a farmer? If so, he was the only one of the twelve a country-man and not a city-man or sea-man. Or was he just weary, and consequently had dropped down by the roadside on the edge of a fig grove, there to catch his breath, protected from the heat of the noon? Or was he lazy, like that supposititious gardener whom I saw on a front lawn, seated with a book in his hand and his back against a palm tree, while the sprinkler did all the work that was being done? Or was he fed up with the clatter and turmoil of family life, a man who, having no office or study and being eager for a half hour of peace and meditation, sauntered out to the edge of his bit of land and to the shadow of his fruit tree? The tale leaves room for the inference that he was a thoughtful Bible student, maybe a dreamy fellow. It is such a Bartholomew Da Vinci portrays in the "Last Supper," standing at your left at the end of the table, more apart, more unrelated than the others, not discussing like Matthew, Thaddeus, and Simon the Zealot, not exclaiming like James the martyr, not fainting like John, not horrified like Andrew, not threatening like Peter, with that right hand which was so careful a study of the great artist's, ready to put an end to Judas—just dreaming, wondering.

Often with Philip he had mulled over the Old Testament prophecies of the Messiah to come, the seed of the woman that was to bruise the serpent's head, the little

child who was to lead into peace the warring nations, the Son of David who was to sit on the throne of his fathers, the glory which was to come to Bethlehem of Ephrata; and now Philip comes with a most momentous message bearing on these musings. How was it delivered? Serious announcements are always difficult to make. A telephone message came over three thousand miles last week and the minister had to go to a door at near midnight and tell one who at the sight of him naturally feared everything, which of her fears was warranted. It is no easy business making serious announcements. Well, how did Philip get at it? "Why, hello, Nathanael, how are you? Having a bit of a holiday? Man, I wish I were a farmer instead of a fisherman, and could take time off with the assurance that I was losing nothing thereby. Oh, by the way, I have a bit of a surprise for you. You recall our talks about Genesis and Isaiah and Micah? Well, as sure as you live, we have found the Messiah." Was that the way of it? Or did it come as the cry of fire, as the warning of earthquake disaster or volcanic eruption, an irrepressible exclamation that brooked no delay: "We have found him! We have found him! The Messiah!" In any event it raised at once vital questions, "Who is he? Whence is he? Where is he?" And then the crushing anticlimax, "It is Jesus of Nazareth, the son of that carpenter you know, Joseph."

It is here the character of Nathanael shows. He could see no glory in the near or the familiar. He was one of the many who can perceive beauty only in the remote, who are fascinated only by the unattained. The majority of us belong to one of two classes in relation to the things at hand, either we are blind with conceit or we are blind with contempt. "Nazareth? Man, are you crazy? Can

any good thing come from there? Talk some sense." He did not mean that Nazareth was bad but that it was petty, insignificant, hopeless because too near home. He conceited himself that he could anticipate all the issues from Nazareth. Mary Carolyn Davies sings of such:

Where weary folk toil, black with smoke,
  And hear but whistles scream,
I went, all fresh from dawn and dew,
  To carry them a dream.
I went to bitter lanes and dark,
  Who once had known the sky,
To carry them a dream—and found
  They had more dreams than I.

He might have described his attitude as that of humility, for he himself was a Galilean of the neighbour town of Cana. But rather was it lack of faith. God pity the folk who don't believe in their own family, in their own city, in their own country! The Judeans had made it a proverb that no good thing could come out of Galilee, from there could come no scholar, no poet, no statesman, no high priest. And Nathanael had accepted that foreign judgment that his people were inferior, that a Messiah out of Galilee called for an impossible change of nature of the whole stock. He needed to hear from some such poet as Charlotte Perkins Stetson, though I am sure the irony of *Similar Cases* would have passed over his head.

There was once a Neolithic Man, an enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements unusually bright.
Unusually clever he, unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths on the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbours, who were startled and surprised,
Said he: "My friends, in course of time, we shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities! We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day without the natural cause!

We are going to turn life upside down about a thing called gold;
We are going to want the earth and take as much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Disease! And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!"
Then they all rose up in fury against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical! Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life! too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come, you idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!" and they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last it will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument to the Neolithic Mind!

It is a common fault, being blind to the glory of the near and the familiar. Says R. A. Gregory in *Discovery:* "Since dawn the man had been seated on a stone at the bottom of the ravine. Three peasant women on their way to the vineyards exchanged 'Good-day' with him as they passed to their work. At sunset, when they returned, the watcher was still there, seated on the same stone, his eyes fixed on the same spot. 'A poor innocent,' one whispered to the others, 'pe 'caire! a poor innocent'; and all three made the sign of the Cross. Fabre, the incomparable naturalist, waiting to discover what is instinct and what is reason in insect life, is, to these vintagers, an object of supreme commiseration, an imbecile in God's keeping, wherefore they crossed themselves."

He was a most unusual man, Cornelius of Cæsarea, for he had the discernment to perceive an angel in his own house. That calls for real vision, for we are all likely to fancy angels only heavenly habitants. There is only one answer to the challenge and unbelief of such people, if your cause can stand it—that is a demonstration. And Philip had the good sense to say: "Come and see!"

When Nathanael came to make his personal investi-

gation, our Lord at once classified him as a dreamer of the fraternity of the A. O. G. O. T., that is, the Ancient Order of the Good Old Times, ever ready to sing "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," but with no heart for "There are coming changes great in the glad new time." There were such wide gulfs between those two that Jesus might easily have picked on some controversial point for a beginning place. "I hear you think I can't amount to much because I came from Nazareth. Now, in the first place, you ought to realize how magnificently situated is our Galilean city, with the Sea of Tiberius behind and the Mediterranean off to the west, with white-capped Mount Hermon to the north, historic Carmel by the shore, and the valley of Esdraelon, the scene of world conflicts, at her feet. What more likely place for the inspiration of a prophet or world leader? In the second place," and here might have followed a rhapsody on the power of man to defy unfavourable environment, if such be his lot, and a recital of the names of earth's most noble knights whose greatness never could have been foretold, if parents must sit on thrones and cradles be of gold. "And in the third place, although I welcome my place as a man of Nazareth, I was born in Bethlehem, the city of David." But, no, instead of spoiling for an argument, instead of seeking to compel agreement, our Lord began with what they had in common. Instead of asking Nathanael to come where he was, he himself went where Nathanael was.

He saw the good in this man, narrow but sincere, reactionary but without guile, free from craft, deceit, hypocrisy. How easy it is for us in the Church to be smug and quick in our condemnation of those whose names are not on our lists. Thank God the Kingdom is bigger than the Church, and the Lord more tolerant than his disciples.

I think happily of some who are notably doing God's will and work who may not readily be thought of as servants of Almighty God but who as journalists and editors and moving picture creators are preaching to millions where we in our little pulpits reach a few hundreds; and I thank God for them.

Christ sought to convert Nathanael from dreams to visions, to show him that all the good times were not behind, and to show him further by what means the good times were yet to come. Nathanael, under that fig tree, had been meditating upon the ladder of Jacob with the shining messengers of the Most High ascending and descending; and, when the Master made it evident that he knew the secret thoughts of the dreamer, Nathanael made a most illogical declaration. On a bit of clairvoyance this man staked his life. Yet none of us are perfectly logical. Our conclusions are often too big for our premises. How many of us were won to the greatest decisions of our lives by something other than logic—affection, kindness, human interest, ambition, or, as perhaps in the case of Nathanael, by "that face." At any rate, note the quick turn Jesus gave to the dream. "Look not backward but before. Hereafter ye shall see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." There is hope for the world—in him. There is a moral and spiritual pivot —it is he. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come to him and see. Here is something significant. All over the civilized world men are picking up their papers to-day dated Anno Domini 1929. Atheist and Christian alike are dating their letters from the birth of Jesus. Neither Sennacherib nor Plato nor Shakespeare nor Newton accomplished this. We reckon not time from birth or death of conqueror or poet or philosopher, but

from the birth of the babe in the stable of Bethlehem. One calendar dated from Alexander the Great, one from Julius Cæsar; the French tried to make their revolution the pivotal point of the ages. All passed, and the Carpenter's Son became the Prince of Time. No one knows how or when it began to be done or came to be accepted. "How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is given." It is a mark of the universal approval of him. It is the descent upon him of one of the humbler angels.

Read *Gresta Christi* with its story of the steady improvement of human relations consequent upon the transforming influence of the Gospel of Christ, and see how about him have gathered the angels of woman, ministering for her elevation from vassalage to equality with man; the angels of the slave, intervening for his deliverance from the yoke and the taskmaster; the angels of the suffering, moving to kindness, intelligent help, and unfaltering care; the angels of the ignorant, ringing out the false, ringing in the true. (The latest percentage figures on literacy among natives in India show among Moslems 8 men and 5 women, among Hindus 15 men and 1.5 women, among Christians 32 men and 18 women. Somehow Christianity is in its nature an impulse to learning; it suffers no contentment in illiteracy. It puts a book in the hand of the disciple, and in his heart a passion for truth.

To change the figure, Jesus Christ sowed a few grains of good seed, and there has been steady multiplication. About fifty years ago there was brought into Canada some Red Calcutta wheat seed, the female of which Dr. Charles E. Saunders of Ottawa succeeded in marrying to the male European Red Fife; and the issue of that marriage he planted in 1903. By the winter of 1904–1905,

after much scrutiny and experiment, he had in an envelope the first crop of the new wheat, destined, because prolific, early ripening, with excellent milling and baking qualities, to overtax the elevators of the world. In 1917 there were raised two hundred and fifty million bushels in North America. In 1918 this was increased to a crop of three hundred million bushels. And Marquis wheat proved to be one of the factors fighting for the Allies, making possible the overcoming of the food crisis. That is the kind of seed Christ has sown, hardy, prolific, rich in life-giving qualities. It is working in society. It is working in the hearts of industrial leaders and industrial groups. It is working among the nations.

Perhaps the best illustration of this is to be found in the world of missionary accomplishment. In a cemetery in Northampton, Massachusetts, is a simple stone, "David Brainerd, missionary to the American Indians." He died when scarcely thirty. Discouraging? His journal was read by Henry Martyn at Cambridge, England, and sent him to India, where he lived to declare he would as soon expect to see a man rise from the dead as to see a Brahmin converted to Christ. Discouraging? It was his custom to go to a certain deserted pagoda for solitary prayer. In that pagoda not long ago was organized the National Missionary Society of India. Not so discouraging! Fifty years ago at four o'clock in the morning Dr. and Mrs. Jewett met for prayer with three native Christians on the hill above Ongole in India. They had had no success; they had no converts; they had erected no buildings; the heathen were at their feet everywhere. Pretty discouraging! Recently there met for prayer on that same hilltop a thousand members of the Ongole Christian Endeavour Society. From the summit they could see

villages with twenty-five thousand Christians; a group of missionary homes clustered about the foot of the hill. A college lay in sight, a boarding-school, a hospital, an industrial school, one church seating a thousand worshippers and another holding fifteen hundred. In the whole mission the successors of the Jewetts have a community of two hundred thousand Christians. Not so discouraging!

A single chapter out of the experience of one modern man is to me the most marvellous missionary document ever penned in the history of the Church. It is John R. Mott's address of a few years ago on *The Unprecedented World Situation.* In it Mr. Mott tells the story of twenty years' experience in visiting non-Christian lands. Take China. From his first visit he returned to America to speak of China as the Gibraltar of the student world, to echo the sentiment of many missionaries that they would never live to see the literati really accessible. Five years later Mott reported that he had conferred with the presidents of seventeen missionary colleges and that they were convinced that while one or two might be won to Christianity it was foolish to look for the enlistment of any large numbers of the educated Chinese, the scholars and the governing class. After another five years the distinguished missionary statesman reported that he had been able to meet with some groups of students and that the walls of Jericho were beginning to fall. At the end of seven more years Mott found the largest theatre in Canton, seating thirty-five hundred, packed two or three times a day with ticket holders only, and these all of the governing or scholar class. Fifty of the leading educators sat on the platform. The first night the chair was taken by the Chief Justice of the province, not a Christian; the

second night it was occupied by a high official, a Christian; the third night by the provincial Commissioner of Education, a Christian. At the close of the series seven hundred signed cards agreeing to study Christianity and to accept it, if the way proved clear. Balance that story with the superficial observations of the casual globe-trotter, who never sees the good our missionaries do because he never sets out to find it. You can't find the missionary miracle within the walls of the Imperial Hotel, but the move toward righteousness is evident to him who hath eyes to see and energy to seek. Whatever be the next happening in China that story stands to illustrate the wonders of the ever working Christ.

Men like Nathanael have something to contribute, if it be but the weight of their conservative opinion. A converted critic is a real acquisition. But he must be brought face to face with Christ.

Can't you imagine how, after that interview, Nathanael turned to Philip and exclaimed, "Why didn't you tell me something about him? You gave me no hint he was like this." Or how, in after years, he may have often burst forth: "I shall never forget your finding me under yon fig tree, Philip. But, man, if I had failed to come, I should never have forgiven you. You made me have faith in Nazareth. You made me have faith in to-day. You made me have faith in to-morrow. You brought me where I learned to fix my vision on the Son of Man. I came. I saw. And never have I been confounded."

V

PHILIP

"Imagination droops her pinion."
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

"Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

—John 14: 8.

V

PHILIP

"Imagination droops her pinion."

A familiar tradition preserved for us by Clement of Alexandria, eminent Christian father of about 200 A.D., identifies the apostle Philip with that disciple who, when called by our Lord, begged leave to delay his response till he should have buried his father. "Leave the dead to bury their own dead," said Jesus, "but do thou follow me." The Saviour was not here matching the arrogance and inhumanity of many of the rabbis, who gave one's teacher rights above one's parents. The youth's father was not dead else, especially in that sultry land, he had been then and there busy about the burial instead of debating his duty with another. He was only making a pretext for delay. He was in like case with the Syrian youth of whom Professor David Smith tells, who, when advised by a missionary to complete his education by travel in Europe, replied, "I must first bury my father." There was no immediate danger of that father's death, indeed he was in most excellent health; the youth was only arguing for the precedence of domestic claims over all else. That tale with that explanation may very well be true of Philip—it certainly is true to character. Philip may have had faith but he lacked confidence.

The Gospel of John is a real portrait gallery. The

evangelist was a lover of people. He can't play the abstract philosopher long at a time. He may borrow an idea from Philo Judæus and for a few lines speak profoundly, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." But quickly he must turn to people: "John bare witness of him and cried, This is he of whom I spake." The whole Gospel is a procession, John and Andrew and Peter, Nathanael and Nicodemus, the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well, Lazarus and Mary and Martha. It is John who tells of that tender post-resurrection interview with Peter, and the last touch of his imperishable story is a dramatic miniature of three figures: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me!" It is John, too, who tells us all we know of Philip. In the other three Gospels he is only a duodecimal, but here he is individualized and characterized.

The ability to pack a life story into an epigram or an epitaph may, because of the brevity of statement, look simple, but it is supreme art. At the same time it often takes astonishingly few words to give a definite and true impression of a life; certainly most lives can be summed up in one or two illustrations. When it is written of a recent Lord High Advocate of the British Empire that little children approached him and asked him the time, we have a very definite impression of the man. You soon get to know the kind of a mind and nature your acquaintance has—he is calculating or prodigal; he buys a pound of steak or a half-beef; he drives a Ford or a Packard; he is airy or practical; he exaggerates or belittles; he overplays his hand, or in every sentence reveals the inferiority complex; in a catastrophe he wrings his hands and cries, "God help us," or he steps in with com-

manding personality and helps himself. It takes but a word to tell that to the world. And John, who knew him as a youth and possibly renewed acquaintance in old age in Ephesus, with a few swift brushes reveals the character of Philip.

His name tells something. When you run across a lad called Donald or Grant or Douglas or Bruce you know there is Scotch back of him somewhere, perhaps the farther back the Scotch the more likely the name. The names of the preacher and man of letters, Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished surgeon of Ohio, Dr. George Washington Crile, the renowned baseball player, Grover Cleveland Alexander, tell of family connections or family admirations. The name of Philip announced some sort of Greek connection, an affiliation, a heritage, an admiration. But that tells nothing of his personality. That name, like all our names unfortunately, was given before there was any personality, before the furnace and the hammers had shaped and tempered the metal of character. It is quite different when we read his locative, "Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." There you have the stamp of the relatively inferior personality. At least it was so before these advertising days when a commonplace person can be known the world around because he manufactures toothpicks or because he slapsticks in the movies. It is discouraging for most of us to go away from home, since then we find our only claim to attention lies in the fact that we are fellow citizens of someone else. It isn't so bad when they mention the big ones, but when they show acquaintance with some of the star dust without having heard of such luminaries as we—well, it is humbling, to some humiliating.

In the several incidents recorded outlining the life of Philip there is evident one conspicuous characteristic. As we invariably read of Nicodemus, "The same came to Jesus by night," and of Judas, "who also betrayed him," so we almost always have it of Philip, "This was the man who ever cried 'Show me!' " Fortunately it was the right thing he said to Nathanael following the skeptical question about Nazareth, "Come and see," but a little study of the man makes it evident that he could hardly have said or thought anything else. It expressed the way his mind worked. When the hungry thousands spread over the hillside on the farther shore of the Sea of Galilee and the Lord turned to Philip for some suggested way of help, it is said that Jesus did it to prove him. Perhaps that means opportunity was being given him to see himself as others saw him; he was being exposed to himself and might well have made struggle to escape the toils of his own narrow-visioned ways. But no, his only answer was: "I can't see it. Feed that crowd? why, it would take a small fortune. And where's the fortune—show me that! And if we had it, where's the bread to buy? Will you show me that!" When the Greeks came for an interview with the Master the name of their chosen interlocutor may have attracted them a bit but more likely it was his character. In effect they said: "We belong with you to the great Show-Me Fraternity. We would *see* Jesus." The last word we have from him at the end of over three years of companionship and instruction, a word that wrings a cry of disappointment from the Master, is "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

It is always easy to divide mankind into two classifications, the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the tall and the short, the strong and the weak, the clever

and the stupid, those who wear suspenders or raise oranges or vote the Democratic ticket and those who don't. So we separate them into the prosy and the poetic. One looks up among the evening stars and sings of "the spacious firmament on high and all the blue ethereal sky" or thrills as if he heard a mighty chorus to the accompaniment of a vast symphony break into "The heavens are telling"; another with a chilly shrug of the shoulder says, "It's getting dark. I reckon it's time to go to bed." One sees only an uninteresting vacant lot; another dreams there a cathedral of commerce overlooking the surging crowds, the winding tracks and the unwearying ships of trade. Two men went up into an art gallery, the one a prosy man, the other a poet. And afterwards the prosy man said, "I thank God that I have been to Dresden and could afford to stay at the best hotel and have the choicest courier, and buy my children souvenirs at a bargain," and added, "Verily no man from Missouri hath anything on me." But the poet inquired of him, "Dost thou remember in the gallery yonder the Sunset that hath eternity in every square inch?" And the prosy man made answer, "H'm, can't say I do. But there was a gilded frame there that must have cost a thousand." Philip was one such, who could see nothing beyond the end of his nose—and that was short; and in the dearth of imagination was, of necessity, always crying for things to see. You would never catch Philip with any new fangled notions. He was too steady, stolid, matter-of-fact for that. He would never be guilty, like Peter, of rushing in where angels feared to tread. He would never, in an unguarded moment, make wild promises and declarations. He had no such heat as Peter, no such audacity as Luther, no such imagination as Wyclif, no such

enterprise as Grenfell. He never would have proposed anything but packing the hungry thousands off to fend for themselves. No indeed, he had better sense.

The admiration for the so-called man from Missouri is out of all proportion to his worth. The world needs men who keep their feet on the ground, whose gullibility is reduced to a minimum. But, to stick to the figure, the only man from Missouri who is valuable is the man *from* Missouri, the man who has gone east or west, who has dreamed beyond his swivel chair and has gone forth to conquer. No great contribution is ever made by the strictly show-me man. He has never made adventure. He is a mere bookkeeper. He who is at the head in any field or enterprise—it is just as true of soldier and banker as of poet and artist—must be a man of imagination. Mr. H. E. Huntington enjoyed recalling the one time in his career when he was discouraged. It was in the panic of '72 and the bank had refused his partner a loan of three thousand dollars. Sleep knitted not that night the ravelled sleeve of care. It looked like the end. Only one thing was left to do and of course that was hopeless. Mr. Huntington presented himself to the banker and made the same request. "Why, certainly, Mr. Huntington." "But why? Surely there is some mistake. My partner saw you yesterday and you refused." "No mistake at all. My action only means that whatever money I advance to your firm will be made as a loan to you personally." The banker was an immovable Show-me to the man whom he had seen occasionally the worse for liquor, while to him whose conduct warranted faith in his honour he revealed himself as a man of vision and imagination.

Take it in the world of science. Whence had that greatest mathematician of ancient days, Archimedes, those

first thoughts of gravitation? How came Pythagoras and Copernicus to disagree with the Ptolemaic system? What was it Isaac Newton saw more than his fellows in the falling apple? How came Bessel, the father of modern observational astronomy, to predict a companion sun for Sirius? Or Gansfleisch, Galileo, Stephenson, Watt, Morse, Marconi, to bring the ends of the earth together making the antipodes neighbours? I'll tell you the answer. They looked not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. They were men of imagination. You cannot be a ranking scientist unless you are one such. Bessel predicted that the astronomy of the future would be the astronomy of the unseen; and already the astronomy of our eyes is the mere kindergarten of the science. "It is imagination rules the human race," said Napoleon.

During the war we became a bit panicky about nitrate supplies, and we had reason to be. We were dependent for that indispensable to the manufacture of all explosives and to the growth of all food stuffs on the rapidly diminishing beds of Chile. It became apparent that the world's supply would be exhausted in twenty years. What was to be done? The scientist observed the unique conditions of the Chilean desert—snow and rainfall in high mountains with electrical storms playing upon the water, and the consequent slow molecular accumulation undisturbed for ages on the plain below. Could these conditions be duplicated? Could the results be reproduced at will and with speed? Norway had the high mountains; the tumbling torrents from the rains and the dissolving snows; she had a sparse population which would be deprived of nothing by the utilization of this water; and everything she had was poured at the door of easy transportation. Why not use the falls for the generation of

enormous power? Why not, by that power, improvise electric storms to play back upon the water and convert it into nitric acid? Why not ship the liquid (nothing is easier to load and unload) to the U. S. A. for conversion into all the necessary nitrate forms for agriculture or for ammunition? And it was done. That took the imagination of science.

Religion offers a field for the exercise of the devout imagination. It cannot scorn the demonstrable; neither can it rest with the demonstrable. Bushnell speaks of the Gospel as "a gift to the imagination." Science is compelled to build on foundations of incomplete knowledge. Dubois-Raymond reminds us of seven great unsolved riddles in the familiar world: the nature of matter and force, the origin of motion, the origin of life, the order and design everywhere evident, the origin of sensation and consciousness, the origin of speech and thought, and free will. In the ordinary relations of life we wait not for the perfected logic of the syllogism but are satisfied to proceed upon the imperfect logic of that fragmentary, mutilated syllogism, the enthymeme. W. H. Fitchett illustrates this by reminding us that when we plan an ocean trip we do not pursue studies of the theory of navigation, do not even test the ship for faulty bolts or plates, examine the certificates of the captain and his officers, demand adjustment of compass, proving of pumps, and demonstration of life belts. Our lives are at stake yet we are quite satisfied to travel upon the good reputation of the line. If we were to wait for exhaustive knowledge we should never get anywhere. Religion, in common with all of men's other knowledge and experience, contents herself with riding part way and fears not to walk a bit though it be in the dark.

Philip never would have driven over fifteen miles an hour on a clear straightaway. He believed in safety first. He took no chances. He never would have sailed in the *Santa Maria*, or in the *Mayflower*, or in the *Half Moon*. In the church at Hierapolis there has been discovered an inscription, apparently the dedication of the edifice to "the memory of the holy and glorious apostle and theologian, Philip." Well, I should rather remember him than his theology, for there can have been no imagination in that. And the curse of theology is its lack of imagination. The religious vocabulary is made up of images, of concepts borrowed from the material and the visible to set forth the invisible and the spiritual. They were intended to be living streams, but we freeze them and cut them into solid blocks of ice. It is not the denotation of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" we care about, it is their connotation. There is meaning and eloquence and passion and power in the airs never to be accounted for in the words. If any profession needs imagination it is the ministry; and because we must talk so much, the lack of imagination is most patent in those who are ministers. We need it to adorn our preaching, we need it to glorify our prayers, we need it to enrich our worship, compensating a little for our utter inadequacy for the task of making real to men the enveloping grace and love of the unseen Father of mercies. Every minister should pass tests to demonstrate whether he has the poetic quality or no.

Philip did not have it. Would you, therefore, have thought Jesus would have picked him, such a near-sighted, seeing-is-believing sort? Surely the lack of imagination all about him must have been maddening. (Cf. the Jews, John 13: 33; Peter, 13: 36; Thomas, 14: 5;

Philip, 14: 8.) Yet can you blame these? Maybe that is our answer—you can't blame them, or us. Five thousand to feed would make most of us do some lightning calculating of possible cost. It would never have done for Jesus to choose only poets and mystics. It would have stamped what was meant for a universal movement as an exclusive order for a peculiar few. He must appeal to all. He must have room for all. His cabinet must be representative. The man who calls for the practical and says poetry is silly must be there. What would Philip see in these dainty lines from Theodora MacManus?

The birch tree did a frightful thing:
  She dyed her hair!
And though the others chided her
  She didn't care.

She said that she was sick of green,
  So common too;
She said she guessed that she would try
  Another hue.

Said she: "Of golden-coloured hair
  I'm very fond."
And so one fine October day
  Found her a blonde.

With pride she shook her yellow curls
  Out to the sun;
And soon the others copied her,
  Yes, every one.

But Philip and his ilk would command a large vote. Because of the mediæval, ascetic twist, the Church was for long a place only for the constitutionally pious. Nowadays there is found place for him who, though he never could lead the saints in prayer, can nevertheless lead the

Scouts with power. There is a big ministry for the unimaginative, for Mr. Show-me. There are so many of them. What a ministry is that of Professor Robertson of the Y. M. C. A. in China, breaking down the prejudice of Tartar governors and Old World scholars by demonstration of the apparatus of the physics laboratory. "Show me! Show me!" they clamour. And he shows them. But his motive power, his inspiration, is his hope that they may come to see that

> Back of the loaf is the snowy flour.
> And back of the flour is the mill.
> And back of the mill is the wind and the shower,
> And the sun, and the Father's will.

The most pathetic sentence in the New Testament is our Lord's disappointed utterance to this disciple, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" Surely there must be a breaking up, surely there must be some growth, some change. But no, clear to the end he was an ordinary dullard sort. And yet the Lord did pick him and wrought upon him; and even he, as we read of him, makes us to think of his Master. His every utterance serves only as a link to bring to mind the words and the deeds of the great Captain of our salvation.

> One prayed in vain to paint the vision blest
> That shone upon his soul by night and day;
> But homely duties in his dwelling pressed,
> And hungry hearts that would not turn away,
> And cares that still his eager heart bade stay.
> The canvas never knew the painted face,
> But day by day, as still the vision shone,
> An angel, near him, wondering bent to trace
> In his own life the Master's image grown,
> And unto men made known.

On a common table napkin in a convent in Seville, Murillo painted a Madonna men weary not to reproduce. The better the canvas the better the chance of long life to the picture; but, after all, it is not so much the canvas that counts—it is the artist. A great artist can paint on anything.

VI

JAMES

"Habit rules the unreflecting herd."
WORDSWORTH, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*

"And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder."—Mark 3:17.

VI

JAMES

"Habit rules the unreflecting herd."

Frequently one is moved to wonder how certain folk qualified for the club they belong to or for the coterie with which they forgather. The smaller the circle, the greater the wonder. A big country club may not require anything other than the ability to purchase membership and pay the dues; but if the circle be limited to say thirty people each one must make a real contribution to the fellowship. So one cannot help asking how James came to make a place in the apostolate. He wrote nothing—the Epistle of James is by another of the same name. He said nothing—Saint Jerome's kindly interpretation of the nickname given by our Lord, Son of Thunder, as the appellation of a torrential orator is rather far-fetched. He did nothing, at least nothing dramatic enough to fix itself in the minds of the synoptists, who alone speak of him, and to command a place in the incomparable story. So familiar is his name that one is inclined to presume on a wealth of biographical material; but it isn't there. Yet he unquestionably holds a place of eminence. The ignorance of college students in the field of biblical literature is proverbial. Professor George Coe, on submitting nine questions to ninety-six freshmen, learned, with other

things, that among the judges were Solomon and Leviticus, that in the line of the kings of Israel were Herod, Ananias, and Nebuchadnezzar, that Matthew, Luke, and John were of the prophets, and the Pentateuch was a synonym for the four gospels. Nevertheless I feel certain that from the least informed in these matters a request for the twelve apostles would get, as an almost instinctive reaction, the names of Peter, James, and John. In the New Testament if only three or four are mentioned James is sure to be one of them; and he is always second in place, save once when Paul honours him with precedence over Peter.

Now there must have been something to a man to warrant that recognition first by the Master and second by his peers. He must have qualified. When Herod Agrippa I, brother of her who effected the death of the Baptist, would pick a representative Christian for martyrdom as a lesson and warning to all others, it was not the flaming Peter he chose, not the one-time tax gatherer with the ready pen, not the youthful follower of the Son of Man noted forever for his graces, but James, the man of unrecorded powers who was evidently looked up to as leader by the early Church.

Still, as I say, there is but little recorded testimony. Three incidents we have, and two of these seem none too favourable to our man. When the dwellers in the Samaritan village would have none of our Lord because his face was set toward Jerusalem, James it was, and his brother, who proposed outdoing Elijah and summoning fire for their destruction. Of course there was a rebuke from him who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them. Nevertheless the blunder was one of devotion.

The majority of us welcome a few friends whose loyalty is most intense when our backs are turned and we are maligned, friends who may never murmur to our faces any sweet sentimentalities but who can breathe scorching epithets when we are attacked or our honour impugned. They may say unwise things but their words are born of affection. Again, as they dwelt on the thoughts of the Kingdom to come, James and his brother, backed by their mother, made bid for the places of honour on the right and left of the King-to-be. Perhaps it was crude, ambitious, selfish, ungenerous to the other disciples. They surely felt it so, for "when the ten heard it they were moved with indignation against the brethren"; and, I doubt not, the consequent scene was far from edifying. I fancy it is partly because of this incident that John never mentions his brother in the fourth gospel and refers to himself impersonally. But again, it is not difficult to discern that the driving impulse behind any less worthy motive is devotion to the Lord, passion to be near to him always. The patient Teacher has to intimate that they know not what they ask, that the Via Dolorosa is the only way to the place of honour, that the cup of his own anguish must be drunk and the baptism of his own renunciation be participated in. This, however, does not frighten the loyal disciples, who pledge themselves as ready for all. The third incident, the martyrdom related in the Acts, illustrates how genuine were the protestations of devotion.

James was a man who could have gone either way; he was capable of all the selfishness and cruelty and conceit these incidents hint at, and of all the unselfishness and magnificent character the last chapter of his life implies. We can all go either way. And because we can go either

way we need all the help that may be had to bring us into the right way.

After all and after all
Since ever the world began,
Just two have lived and two have died,
In lowly mien or lordly pride,
The rogue and the honest man.

After all and after all
Escape it we never can;
Only the choice of one have we,
And you must be, and I must be
A rogue or an honest man.

Now how shall we account for James, for his going one way rather than another? First, he had a good father. The best thing that could be said for the boys was that they were sons of Zebedee. Two thousand years after his going his great sons are still referred to as his boys. There has been many a man named James in the intervening years but there is no confusion of identity when we speak of James, son of Zebedee. A man of character he was, of influence and prestige; a stiff disciplinarian, I wot, whose parentage was the pride of his sons. Samples of two kinds of fathers are given in Principal Stearn's book, *The Challenge of Youth*. Because their brother had been dismissed from the school, two lads resolved that they would no longer stay. Their supply of cash, however, was exhausted by the time they had reached a near by town. So they telegraphed Father for money. Immediately came the answer that Father himself was on the way with plenty. The wise parent straightway suggested a return to the school and a frank avowal to the principal of their feelings and their intent. Behind the stalwart person of their father these lads were game to face

anyone and readily approved telling the schoolmaster what they thought of things. And they did so. Then, in the presence of the head of the school, that father turned on his lads and said: "You are not going to leave this school. You are going to stay right here and redeem the family name, that is if my money holds out and the faculty is willing. And I want to tell you this, if Bill had not been expelled for what he had done, you would not have had to call on me for money. I should have come up here myself and taken you home." Compare that type with another father who sought admission for his son into the same Phillips Andover Academy, and who prefaced his plea by saying, "I cannot afford at my time of life to have my boy waste any time in studying the Bible, because it is my intention that he shall adopt some useful occupation." Or that other who said, "I want no Latin, history, or grammar. The boy might, if he has time, take English literature. We cannot afford to waste our time in that way in these days." Let a boy thank God for a father who dodges not the disciplines of life for himself or for his children.

Second, James had a good mother, Salome, the sister of the Madonna. She was ambitious for her sons, it is true, but what mother is not? And all her ambition was coloured by her own devout and generous life. And this is to be said for Salome and Zebedee both, that when the call came to pursue a way of life other than their own planning, a way of life that called their sons from the traditional business partnership with their father, the sure living and the steady prosperity, they raised no obstacle. What responsibility lies at the doors of some parents who not only never suggested to their sons Christian service, but who resolutely opposed such adventure

and successfully turned the steps of their children into other ways.

Third, he had a younger brother. Perhaps it is because of his extra years that James is given precedence over John. What a rare relation is possible between an older and a younger brother! How they must vie with each other as to which shall be more worthy the relation, the older ever zealous that he mark out a path the younger may follow with safety and honour, the younger ever ambitious to uphold the name and reputation won for the family by his brother. What a steadying force each must be for the other. I wonder if there are not, on the average, fewer divorces among those who have brothers and sisters than with those who are the only children. They have the disciplining advantage of the training in accommodation. There is also the restraint of the consciousness that if one member suffer all the members suffer, if one make shipwreck of wedlock the names of innocent ones are certain to be sullied. These two men, James and John, took pride in each other. It is always good to see a firm with a name like Johnson Brothers; and few things are more sad than disharmony, incongruity, between two children of the same household, such as is suggested in this imagining of Harry Kemp's:

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a lark, with God.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his brother, could.
"Why stays he not in the workshop?" he often used to complain,
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain!

Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain to be made?"

Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and rule,
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a fool,—
For he never walked with the prophets in God's great garden of
bliss—
And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks, was this:
To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him day by day,
But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

Fourth, he had a partner in business. Simon had gone after Jesus, and so had Andrew his brother. And they were no man's fools. That counted. They may have been rough but no man questioned their sincerity, their integrity, or their good sense.

Fifth, he had a cousin. There are plenty of relatives for whom we need apologize, plenty whose blood tie with us we should be glad to keep undiscovered. And the greatest of these are cousins. But here was one full of grace and graciousness and greatness.

These were the hammers that made James; these were the roots that supplied his life; these were the anchors that held him when storm and hurricane brought strain and pressure. A man can become a skunk or a saint. And what he becomes depends largely on the stimuli that are focused upon him, for the stimuli determine whether his shall be the habits of the skunk or the habits of the saint. "Habit rules the unreflecting herd," says Wordsworth, but that is hardly general enough, unless we concede that most of the time we are unreflecting, for habit rules us all. The doctor taps the patellar ligament and immediately your foot jerks. You grin foolishly for you are inclined to think you ought to have kept the foot from kicking.

But the doctor is pleased. He knows the arc has been covered from sensory nerve to spinal cord and back again by motor nerve and muscle to tibia; and he assures you your cord is all right, that you need have no worry about paresis or locomotor ataxia. The circuit is completed automatically. A given stimulus finds a given reaction.

This is as true of our morals as of our muscles. Professor James used to say that ninety-nine one-hundredths or nine hundred and ninety-nine one-thousandths of our activity is habitual, from rising to retiring, dressing, undressing, eating, drinking, greetings, partings, hat-raisings, making room for ladies. And his consequent conclusion was that we should see to it that our nervous system is trained to be our ally instead of our enemy. Conduct, and consequently reputation and character, is largely a matter of the education of muscles and nerves. And that education is the play of the hammers of environment. That education is a process of fixation. Being on time is a habit. Giving is a habit. Courtesy is a habit. When Booker T. Washington on his first visit to Boston got a lift with his bag from a stranger who with a most marvellous voice said, "Let me help," it was no momentary whim of Edward Everett Hale's—it was a habit. When Jefferson and his nephew Randolph, while riding together, were saluted by a Negro, the elder returned the greeting and the younger for failing to do so had to be rebuked with the question, "Do you permit a Negro to be more of a gentleman than you are?" The habit of courtesy was fixed in the one, the habit of snobbery forming in the other. Jefferson, I am sure, did not stop to think what to do—his hand had done it almost without the order of the brain. Steady drill results in almost instinctive reactions. And neglect, of course, is

negative drill. One of the most pathetic passages in literature is the confession of Darwin in his brief biography:

"Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure; but even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that pictures formerly gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life over again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Often it may not be what I have called steady drill that gets the desired result, but only exposure. Michelet in *Ma Jeunesse* tells how in the extremity of hunger, cold, and the most dire privations he yet kept the virile joy of youth and enthusiasm for the future by contact with his favourite authors. John Stuart Mill gives similar testimony reflecting the wisdom of his father in exposing him to good books. I periodically recommend to young people the reading of *Romola, The Wild Ass's*

Skin, Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, and *The Portrait of Dorian Gray,* because I am confident of the beneficial moral results from such exposure. Ask the leading physicians and surgeons and see whether there is not common testimony that they got most, not from instructions in how to feel a spleen, or percuss out the dull areas that tell the story of a healthy or diseased heart, or listen to a lung, or hunt the parasite of malaria, but from being in the same room with Sir William Osler, or from absorption of style and courtesy and sincerity and ethics from great teachers and exemplars of the highest traditions of the profession, unconsciously exhibited in classroom, clinic, and hospital ward.

Religious habits can come pretty much the same way, by exposure to religious reality, by the rub of environment. The children who are in the Sunday school are not in the Juvenile Court. President Hyde said, "It is not so important what a boy knows when he leaves school as what he loves." Your Sunday school children enjoy the protective love of the best. The compulsions towards self-development steadily taper off as you move from the lower to the higher levels. The body with its cravings and passions commands steady and regular ministry. National and commonwealth laws see to it that the mind shall not be wholly neglected, while books, newspapers, and common conversation take up the burden where the Board of Education lays it down. But external compulsions reach the vanishing point when we come to the life of the spirit—the drive must come from within the individual, and will not come if it be not induced by inspiration and training.

The Apostle James is a fair sample of an ordinary man who, because he was exposed to the best, like a prepared

and sensitive photographic plate, himself came to carry the image of the best. Our characters are determined, and our children's characters will be determined, not by orders and precepts but by the tastes, attitudes, dispositions to which we are exposed. These make our habits. I don't say habit is all of faith, but I do say faith without habit is dead.

I am eager to see young people get the habit of attendance upon church services, not that they may hear this or that preacher, not that they may learn the arguments in defense of religion, not primarily to determine beliefs, but to determine taste, attitude, habits, the colour of life. Some day they will need all they have of spiritual resources, every ounce of strength will be commandeered; and then they will find themselves drawing upon a fund of spiritual fortune they had hardly been conscious was accumulating. Goethe says, what a man desires in his youth he shall have in his age, and as much as he will. Henry Newbolt puts it dramatically:

> There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
>   Ten to make and the match to win—
> A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
>   An hour to play and the last man in.
> And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat
>   Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
> But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote;
>   "Play up! Play up! And play the game!"
>
> The sand of the desert is sodden red—
>   Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
> The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
>   And the regiment's blind with dust and smoke.
> The river of death has brimmed its banks,
>   And England's far and honour a name,
> But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
>   "Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

Professor Jowett, the classical scholar, when asked what Oxford could do for her students, made reply, "Oxford can teach English gentlemen to be English gentlemen." Oxford exposed them to the best traditions, habits, expectations, and so trained them that their instinctive reactions in all the tests of life were those of English men of culture and honour. The Apostle James took training in a great school. He came through because he was exposed to the best.

VII

MATTHEW

"Some smatch of honour in it."
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar.*

"As Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man."
—Matthew 9: 9.

VII

MATTHEW

"Some smatch of honour in it."

Nobody loves a customs officer. No matter how honest and punctilious we are, no matter how carefully we have listed and segregated our purchases and our prospective imports, we all are conscious of a bit of excitement when we meet him and a great relief when we are through with him. He may have a wage that represents but a small percentage of our income, he may live in humble quarters in Greenwich Village while we move with the Park Avenue crowd; but the man with the Inland Revenue cap has us all worried when we step to the dock from the S.S. *Olympic,* and wins from us obsequious courtesy we accord to no one else. At the time of debarkation from a trans-oceanic liner there can be few conceivable delights to compare with that of coming down the gangway and announcing to the waiting officers that we are of the diplomatic service and as such exempt from their attack.

Listen to this quotation: "It is not when they tax obvious imports that we are aggrieved and angry at the tax gatherers, but when they examine private articles and meddle with bags and baggage which they have nothing to do with. Yet the law permits them to do this, and they suffer if they do not." That was written not

by some citizen of the United States returning home last summer but by the Greek biographer and miscellaneous writer Plutarch, evidently following some personally disturbing experience in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era. The customs officer ye have always with you. He gets more publicity than any actor on the screen; he is more universally talked of than the best known soap or cigarette; and he never spent seven thousand dollars for a single coloured page in any one edition of a well known popular magazine. Nobody loves the customs officers; yet we sincerely believe that on the whole they are honest men. But suppose they were grafters. Suppose our laws provided that as long as the federally imposed taxes were met these men could exact whatever they could collect, or as we put it, all the freight would carry. Ah, now you are getting back to a condition at the time I have in mind.

Along the northern end of the Sea of Galilee ran a highway traversed by all the caravans moving between Acre on the coast and that most ancient of still inhabited cities, the city that believes itself to have been the dwelling place of Adam and Eve, Damascus; bearing down to the sea the fruits of the oasis, wines, wool, silk goods, fine needle work, and the ever famous hammered metals, steel and copper, silver and gold, and bringing back such needy exchange as cotton, prints, sugar, and raw silk. On that road in the days of Jesus, near the town of Capernaum, marking the boundary between the two Roman governors, Philip the tetrarch and Herod Antipas, was a customs office, and in charge of it, superintending the examination of the goods and determining the tax to be levied, was one whose strictly Jewish name was Matthew and whose local or Galilean name was Levi.

Let us remember the counsel of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, that no man is one man but each man is several, and hurriedly look at this official through the eyes of the different groups that commanded his scrutiny and in turn made their estimate of him.

There were first the rich traders of other lands and other faiths, men who cared nothing for his personal character or reputation, who only noted his efficiency, his expedition, his fair play, or his lack of these, who laughed at him as an easy mark or cursed him as a blood-sucker, who were eager to remind him on the return trip of their identity or took pains to cover the fact that they had been at Capernaum before, according as their experience at his hands had been happy or unhappy. Again, there were the Roman officials whose whole concern touching him was that he should lay golden eggs. They held him in contempt. Maybe they called him Shylock. At times they sneered at him as an unpatriotic dog; but they followed the sneer with the concession, "Well, after all, what is the use of patriotism, if it leaves you in poverty when otherwise you might have been well off?" There were the people of his own nation, rich and poor, the poor only echoing the sentiments of the well-to-do, and all alike despising him, hating him as the contemptible representative of a foreign tyrant, as a renegade servant of a heathen religion. Often taxes were farmed out to the highest bidder with the liberty, as I have suggested, of collecting all that could be got. This may not have been true in Matthew's case, for at the time of Christ the Capernaum agent was in the service of Herod and the taxes went directly into the imperial treasury. But in any event he was in the publican class—"publican" being merely the Latin word for "the tax collector." He was grouped

in the popular mind with assassins and robbers. His money was unclean. His testimony could not be accepted in a court of justice. He could not observe the law since, for example, the necessity of his position made him work on the Sabbath, and therefore he was excluded from religious fellowship. But chiefly was he ostracized because he was considered to have outraged patriotism, having grown rich at the job of milking his own people for a foreign power. If ever expressive diatribes were forged it was in those days by the Pharisees to hurl at the publicans.

Now upon the vision of this man who had been making his shrewd judgments of others while they were making their estimate of him, came Jesus of Nazareth. No tuft-hunting, time-serving sycophant was he. No obsequious bowing to class and convention with him. No ruling out of any from the circle of his friendship, save only the hypocrite and the inwardly corrupt. A new type for Matthew was this. He observed Jesus. He studied him. He learned all he could about him. He came to admire him. There were days when he left most of the work to be done by his subordinates while he dreamed a bit of the man he might have been if only he could have lived under the spell of one like Jesus.

And then the call came, "Follow me!" and he was off, for he was ready.

Afterward, when he writes of the incident, he gives, as one would expect, a touch missed by Mark and Luke in their records. He remembers how others had looked on him, those traders, those Romans, those Jews, never with favour or with fairness, generally cursing him as a leech or a dog or a viper or a devil, always reading into his actions evil and contemptible motives, always voicing

their cruel and unjust judgments; and then he says, "As Jesus passed forth, *he saw a man*." The other synoptists, perhaps in an effort to be kind to him who was to be known as Matthew, seem to try to cover his past by calling the publican by his other name of Levi; but Matthew blurts it all out, confesses to his former career, asks no special favours, insisting that however unworthy the old life may have been he was to himself and to his God still a man. That recognition was what won him to the Saviour.

He saw a man; and in every last one of that hated group he saw that man, and therefore, in the face of a storm of criticism and professed horror, he readily accepted the invitation to dine with a body described by Matthew, to whom they were surely known, as publicans and sinners, giving as his pointed defense, "I came not to call the righteous but the sinner to repentance; and however black his sin may be, a man's a man for a' that."

Certainly the Pharisees outside that banquet hall despised the giver of the feast. "Converted!" they said, "Bah, look at his crowd! You can tell a man by the company he keeps. By that token judge both Matthew and Jesus." Very possibly inside the hall there were some sly nudges and asides among the guests, some tapping of foreheads and jerking of thumbs towards the host. "The poor fellow has gone dotty over religion or he never would have given up such a feathered nest as this Capernaum customs house. Poor Matthew, he was a good sort, too. Whoever heard of quitting money-making at his time of life?"

But I must give you another person's reflection on this man we are observing—it is the interesting opinion of

Peter Matthewson. What! You never heard of him? Well, Peter Matthewson was the only child of Matthew's household and was named, as you may guess, for the commanding leader of the apostolic group. I fancy there were several Peters in the second generation but I am sure of this one.

Grown to manhood, he learned his father's whole story. Probing with the probe of love, he discovered his father's true character and motives. Commenting on these, he would sometimes say: "Have you noticed how much my father has to say about our Lord's business principles? It is he who gives the Sermon on the Mount. He had to record the Golden Rule, the principle of the second mile, the futility of the attempt to serve two masters, and the disaster of founding any edifice otherwhere than on the rock. He pens the parables against greed and the dreadful warning about the rich man and the needle's eye. My father believed these were sound business principles. However other people may have judged him, I am not ashamed of the ways and the days of his money-making. I believe he was a just man. Some folk must do the undesirable jobs of the world and one of them fell to him. He knew what he would have to expect when he went into it, but he was a bit of a philosopher and discounted that. He sought both to redeem the job and to redeem the men who were at it. But, whether I be right or wrong in this, my possibly prejudiced judgment of him, the big thing I admire in my father is that he was not content to be merely a money-maker. He refused to spend all his life in slavery. He seized the chance when it came to give some portion of his life to the service of God and men. When I tell his grandchildren of his service as an important financial official of the gov-

ernment, of his keen and often courageous judgments and of the fair fortune he amassed (his grandchildren who have nothing to boast of because their father is a humble missionary of the cross), and when they answer with the question: 'What else did Grandpa do?' my mouth is not shut, I have a story to tell." Some such vein as that I can imagine Matthew's son pursuing; and he sets me thinking.

The acquisitive instinct is a particularly troublesome human trait. Everywhere the struggle to possess is on, and everywhere among thoughtful people there is serious concern about the solution of the problems incident to the acquisition and the disposition of wealth. The blessings of money possessed need no enumeration. The curse of poverty is very present to the minds of some of us. "A deficit is what you have when you haven't as much as you would have had if you had had nothing at all." But you have to have credit to have a deficit, and the poor man just has nothing at all. Whatever we may note of the advantage of those not born to wealth, we can never forget what our mothers suffered, the babies that were lost and the miseries of those that lived, all because the doctor's bill was more to be dreaded than death and there were never pennies enough to buy the food necessary for health and full growth. There can be nothing wrong with the desire to have money enough to lift mother's burden and to provide a fair start for the family. The sheer struggle for existence does not make for the finer qualities. Sam Walter Foss has some amusing lines.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day,—
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

"There's Pete, John, Joe, Jim, William, and Ned,
A half dozen boys to be clothed and be fed.

"I buy for them all good, plain victuals to eat,
But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they're become too ragged to fix,
She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six.

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside—what d'ye do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go round, the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

Of course that is funny, but it is funny as a poem, not as a fact, and Sam Foss had to be a long way from the fact before he could write the poem or see the humour of the situation.

However, when you have said the best there is to say for fortune you have to confess money is not wholly a blessing. "Money is that which will pay for everything but honour; obtain everything but happiness; and gain admission everywhere but to heaven." The acquisitive instinct, like that of sex or pugnacity, must be offset, must

find an antidote. Our children must learn from us that getting is not all. They have a right to a heritage larger than any fortune, to a pride in their parent's mastery over avarice. In a magazine article a year or two ago Edward Bok gave an authentic case that illustrates the point.

"A clear-eyed, clean-limbed young chap returned from his college graduation to his father's home in a large Western city. That evening the father said: 'Well, son, you're through college. Now what?'

" 'I should like to go into civics in the city, Father,' was the answer.

" 'Civics?' echoed the father, laying down his paper. 'Why civics?'

" 'Well, it has seemed to me,' said the son in a tone that left no doubt of its certainty, 'that the people of the city have done a great deal for us, through your business; that it is from their hand, in an indirect way, that I received my education, and it struck me that if I have gotten anything out of that opportunity I should give it back to them. I have been reading the home papers at college for the last year, and general conditions do not seem to me to be getting any better. And I thought some one in this family ought to take a hand and try to contribute.'

"A slight flush came into the face of the father as he asked: 'You don't think I do, then?'

" 'I haven't read or heard of your doing so, Father. So I asked Uncle Ben and Aunt Jess the other day when they were at college, and they said that business was your long suit and that you had never gone in for anything else.'

"The following evening after dinner the father asked: 'Going out this evening, Bob?' 'No, sir,' answered the boy.

" 'Well, let's sit down and have a chat,' said the father, lighting a cigar. 'I have thought quite a little about what you said last evening, and the more I have considered what you said the better I like it and you.'

" 'Thanks, Father, a lot for saying that,' said the boy.

" 'I mean it, boy,' said the father as he gave his boy his straight, full eyes. 'But you're the only succession I have, you know, for the business. Tell me frankly, have you anything against my business as a business, or against business as a proposition?'

" 'Indeed, no; not for one minute,' answered the boy. 'On the contrary, I think you have built up a marvellous business, Father, and everybody says you have built it up on the square deal with the public. Uncle says there isn't a dishonest nickel in it.'

" 'Very well, Bob,' smiled the father. 'But you don't want it as an exclusive and all-absorbing job; you'd like a bit of civics on the side. Is that your idea?'

" 'Exactly. I am perfectly willing and ready to go into the business if you will let me, and work my hardest for it. But I should like a chance and time to do something on the side, as you put it, and then when I reach about your age I should like to go in for public welfare altogether. Do you see that as practicable?'

" 'Perfectly, son, perfectly. And it fits in exactly with a plan I want to propose. How would this strike you? Suppose you go into the business and make it for the present your major job, and take on some civic work in your off-hours. Let me play part of my job into your hands, increase the responsibilities of the three partners and their percentage in the business, and let me get gradually out, so that I can go in for civics, partly at first and in a year or three, say, altogether. To tell you the truth, Bob, I haven't been satisfied with myself for quite a while, and what you said has brought the whole

thing to a head. It pleased your mother this morning when I told her. How does it get to you, son?'

" 'Simply wonderful, Father. I could ask for nothing better. If you'll go in to do for the city, with your abilities and standing, there's no need for me.'

"And so it was arranged and so it came about.

"That was twenty months ago. The other day the son said to the father: 'Well, father, you're certainly going it strong in your city work. You're on the first page again this evening. At this rate you're certainly going to have Sis and me remember you as something more than a money-getter.'

"Said the father to me later: 'That was the phrase that got me, Bok: Something more than a money-getter. It was what it revealed to me. I had been talked over by my boy and girl as a mere money-getter. Those children had gone to my brother and sister to get a line on me and had been told that business was my long suit and probably they had added, nothing else. That talk with my son that evening was a red-letter day for me. My boy and I were always good friends, thank God, there wasn't much distance between us, but now we are pals. He awakened me.' "

In the days of the war, when he would illustrate the status of the poilu home on leave from the front, Coningsby Dawson told us of the *Bit-over Man*. The bit-over man was a gambler who had played his little all on the whirling tables and had lost. With slumped shoulders that told his dejection and with hands deep-thrust in his pockets he left the place in despair. But what is this? In a corner of some neglected pocket a few odd coins are found. That's the bit-over. What shall be done with it? Will it too be flung away in the vain effort to outdo the merciless fates, or shall it be spent for bread or invested

in some simple enterprise that may mean profit and the beginning of a new life? We are all bit-over men. Whatever the past, it is irrecoverable. We have to-day and only to-day, a fraction of our life, and this we may waste or invest. As with Peter Matthewson and his children the question will be raised, What else did father do? What else did Grandpa do?

VIII

JAMES THE LESS

"The least of things seemed infinite."
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion.*

“*James the less.*”—Mark 15: 40.

VIII

JAMES THE LESS

"The least of things seemed infinite."

There are at least three in the New Testament by the name of James: James the brother of John and son of Zebedee; James the brother of our Lord, for many years the head of the Church at Jerusalem, and the author of the very practical epistle that bears his name; and James the son of Alphæus, who is probably to be identified with this one called James the Less. The familiarity of the name, as one author remarks, only serves to make the obscurity of this man who is the object of our study all the greater. Whatever else be true of him, that his father was a man of God, his mother one of the women at the resurrection as an intimate of the Madonna and of Jesus, his brother the converted tax gatherer of our last study, the outstanding fact is that he was a little fellow, for his name is really not James the Less but James the Little. And that is all we know of him. However, in that descriptive we have no measure of his real size.

There are many things that we single out as trivial and inconsequential; but because a thing is little in size, occupies little space, makes but little noise, demands but little attention, does not prove that it is of no consequence. The poets write their sweetest lines concerning little things. Wordsworth's

> heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.

Shelley listens to the skylark as it pours its

> full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Both John Keats and Leigh Hunt are caught by the charm of the smallest things, and write sonnets of the cricket on the hearth and his companion of the hillside,

> Sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
> One to the fields, the other to the hearth.

Longfellow drinks in the song of the mocking bird, to listen to whom the whole air and the woods and the waves become silent. Robbie Burns addresses the

> Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower . . .
> In thy scanty mantle clad,
> Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,
> Thou lifts thy unassuming head
> In humble guise.

"Multum in parvo" is a simple motto most of us learn in childhood, and after merely a fragmentary study of history, without pursuing the wonders of physics and chemistry, one might write it down as a motto of nature. Think of some of the great little folk. Among the outstanding generals are Alexander the Great, the Duke of Marlborough of Blenheim fame, Napoleon, Desaix the boy general, Lord Napier, Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America, Commodore Paul Jones, General Francis Marion. Among the philosophers stand Aristotle, head and shoulders above his fellows although only five feet two. Among the litterati and poets are Æsop, Cicero, small and weakly, Milton, Guizot, Alexander Pope, Dr. Isaac Watts, Shelley, Washington Irving, Keats, Victor Hugo. Among the statesmen are Pericles, President

Thiers, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, and Alexander H. Stevens, all three of these Americans actually dwarfs. Add to these Raphael, Sir Isaac Newton, Jay Gould, John Jacob Astor, Stephen Girard, Pope Leo XIII, Queen Victoria, who could boast of but little over four feet. On the tombs of each might be graven "Magnum in Parvo." Each one was a James the Little, you see.

What charm there is, what romance, about the humblest place and the humblest name! A certain editor approached Gilbert K. Chesterton with a volume entitled *Mr. Smith*, or the like, remarking "There! you won't get any of your confounded mysticism out of that book!" But he had picked the wrong book, the wrong title. The response is too easy, too obvious. There are many names with no poetry in them. There may be little poetry in Thompson, or MacPherson, or in any of these that merely aver one to be the son of someone else, but Smith is full of poetry. The very name insists that he who bears it shall enter into arduous and heroic endeavours to live up to the poetry of it. It appears frequently in the Bible, it is respected by kings, it is full of musical and heroic connotation.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

In such verses Longfellow does his best to live up to the poetry that is wrapped up in this romantic name of Smith. Why, if Mr. James Smith were to hand you his visiting card you might well project your imagination behind the short name, see the mountains of ore towering above it, the great flaming furnaces blazing behind it, and all the instruments of war and industry created because of it. Who can be blind to the poetry and romance bulking behind that humble name?

Of course there are many of us, like James, about whom there is not much to write, in whose life there are no great peaks, who never earn titles, never are greeted as general or admiral or senator, who have nothing of the adventurer in our blood, who live and move in the world of the commonplace, who are just average men. But of average men there are not a few. Years ago Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, got into a controversy with a man in Cohoes named Smith, and angered by the latter's correspondence flung the question at him, "Do you want to get into a quarrel with the whole Beecher family?" To which Mr. Smith replied, "Do you want to get into a quarrel with the whole Smith family?" Fortunately Mr. Beecher had sufficient sense of humour to write more placidly to Mr. Smith and establish a good understanding with him.

We can afford, occasionally, to enumerate our heroes. We can afford once in a while to stop and congratulate ourselves on our great folk, to pause and study our frieze of the prophets, with its few men in the line. Once in a while we can afford to pick up our Carlyle and read his essays on Mohamet and Shakespeare, Luther and Burns, Cromwell and Napoleon. We may sing the praises of our great natural wonders. But the indispensables of life

are not these; they are the common things like air and earth and water. We could get along very well without the cañon or the falls or the big trees, but to lack such commonplaces as earth, air, or water is not even thinkable. I remember how Dr. Burdette drew attention to that group of people always sighing for the good old days of great men and how he remarked that while the Bible says "There were giants in those days," it is recorded two verses later, "It repented the Lord that he had made man." And since then the world has been getting along fairly well with just the average folk.

Often, unfortunately too often, our average man holds himself in contempt. James the Little belittles himself, he has the inferiority complex, he needs to be reminded, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

De sunflower ain't de daisy, and de melon ain't de rose;
Why is dey all so crazy to be somfin else dat grows?
Jess stick to de place yo're planted and do de bes you knows;
Be de sunflower or de daisy, de melon or de rose.
Don't be what yo ain't, jess yo be what yo is,
If you am not what you are den yo is not what yo is,
If yo're jess a little tadpole, don't yo try to be de frog;
If you are jess de tail, don't yo try to wag de dawg.
Yo better pass de plate if yo can't exhawt and preach;
If you're jess a little pebble, don't yo try to be de beach;
When a man is what he isn't, den he isn't what he is,
And as sure as I'm talking, he's a-gwine to get his.

We need to consider the potentialities of little things. Infinitesimal bacteria spread disease, a pin prick gives the surgeon blood-poisoning, the point of a knife deflects the needle of the compass and wrecks the ship. The story is told of the French prince imperial that as a child he always demanded ten minutes more than was allowed him and, because he was a little child and a prince,

everyone yielded to this and let him have his ten minutes. It was pretty in a little child but when he grew to be a man little ten minutes grew to be big ten minutes. At length, serving with the British forces in South Africa, he was suddenly surrounded by Zulu warriors. He still had a chance to escape but the old spirit of procrastination was there; the habit of a little delay made him the victim of the native *assegai*, lost him his life, and rocked his kingdom. The Matterhorn is made up of minute flakes of mica, the beautiful coloured window of little fragments of glass, while the annual sweepings from the floor of one room in the mint amount to fifty thousand dollars in gold and several thousand dollars in silver. Mozart composes his immortal requiem on a little, broken-down spinet in a garret in Venice; Murillo paints a Madonna on a common table napkin in a convent in Seville; Paganini charms the world on one weak little violin string.

He shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience crept a smile.
With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.
Another stroke; off flies another string—
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.
Once more; the third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.
He stands, the while his genius unbereft
Is calm. One string and Paganini left!
He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against the storm as if they sought the skies.
A silence falls. The audience bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.
Then when the last note trembling died away,
Some shouted "Bravo!" and some had learned to pray.

It is these littles that determine our influence and make us what we are. Our influence is of two sorts, the kind

that we consciously exert and the kind that we unconsciously exhale. There are doors that we can open and close at will, as our lips, and doors which we can never close. There are windows that we can close at choice and there are other windows curtainless, shutterless, always standing open to the gaze of the world, that it may look clear into our souls. It is this unconscious influence that is our real influence. Do you recall the picture Victor Hugo gives of Waterloo, the charge of the cuirassiers, thirty-five hundred gigantic men on colossal horses, twenty-six squadrons? With Ney at their head they started the charge, all shouting, "Vive l'Empereur!" They beheld the twenty-six battalions of British awaiting them and galloped on. Then suddenly they came upon that hidden sunken road of Ohain, and into it they plunged, a living, dying mass of men and horses, until the great ditch was filled and bridged with struggling beasts and their riders. All because the peasant guide, Lacoste, had shaken his head when asked a question by the great Napoleon! By the shaking of our head or the nodding of our chin we may be as influential in the world's summing up as was he.

These littles also determine, or at least indicate, our direction. Jesus was asked to do a little thing, little for him, to transform a brick into a loaf of bread, momentarily to bend the knees—just a little thing! But these were impossible for him, the whole trend of whose life was in the other direction. They called for a complete reversal of his whole life's tendencies and habits. Judas could take thirty pieces of silver and betray Jesus, for his stream of life was flowing that way. Joseph was asked to do a little thing. Pressed by opportunity and importunity both, he was asked to choose between character

and reputation—if you do this you will lose your character, if you don't do it you will lose your reputation. What was his answer? "I can't do it. The whole trend of my life has been in the other direction. How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God? I would rather lose my reputation than my character." After all the important thing about any life is its direction. The captain's question as he mounts the bridge of the Great Lakes freighter twenty times a day is, "How's she heading?" "Whither bound?" is the question in the minds of all the crew when the vessel sets forth with sealed orders on the Atlantic or Pacific.

The little things determine our advancement. "How do you come to have such good sheep?" the shepherd was asked. "I take care of the lambs." Yes, little is a relative term. There are some of us who think the big thing in life is making a living, who would doubtless receive the same rebuke from Samuel Johnson as that youth who, pleading excuse for certain conduct, said, "But Dr. Johnson, I must live." To this the wise old man replied, "Sir, I see no necessity." The big thing is not to make a living but to make life worth living. If the big thing in life be to make a living then let us have a saloon at every corner, a gambling hell halfway in every block; let us burn our Bibles and banish our ethics. But it is not the big thing in life to make a living but to live so that we can command the respect of our fellow men, so that we shall have made a difference in the world, so that we shall be able to say:

> I live for those who love me,
> For those who know me true,
> For the heaven that bends above me,
> And the good that I can do;

For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

James and you and I are just the little folk who determine the average, the average in work, the average in thought, the average in morality, the average in thrift. How easy, for example, it is for us to waste our substance on useless luxuries instead of joining the ranks of those who are making provision against the rainy day. Mandy, the negress, stood by the merry-go-round and watched them get on and off and then sagely remarked, "You all have spent all your money and you gets on where you get off, and you gets off where you get on, and I ax you one question, Where you bin?" Out of every hundred young men starting in at twenty-five it is said that forty years later one is very wealthy, four are well-to-do, five are supporting themselves by their own labour, thirty-six are dead, and fifty-four are dependent on family and friends and charity for their support.

We are determining, too, the average in religion. The figures were given a short while ago that we Protestants were giving 2.7 of a cent per day to bring the Kingdom of Christ into the world. If that be our average spelled in terms of money it would be interesting to be able to report the average number of words per day each of us offers in prayer, the average number of words per day each of us reads from God's book, the average number of minutes each of us spends in religious culture and education.

Dr. Poteat of the Baptist denomination, who used to be a college president, says, "I used to count on my chapel talks to keep my boys straight in college but after a while

I changed my policy and laid my hand on the shoulder of each young fellow who needed my word and said, 'Look here, my lad, what right have you to pull down the average of this college?' " The average is the college, and the church, and the world. Every member of the James family counts. If one member suffer all the members suffer. If one member is honoured all the members rejoice.

> No drop but serves the slowly drifting tide,
> No dew but has an errand to some flower,
> No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
> And man by man, each aiding all the rest,
> Make the firm bulwark of the country's power.

IX

JUDAS, NOT ISCARIOT

"What's in a name?"
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

"Judas . . . not Iscariot."—John 14: 22.

IX

JUDAS, NOT ISCARIOT

"What's in a name?"

Unless one be memorialized for shame, like Cain, or Ananias, it is immeasurable glory just to have been mentioned in the Bible. Generations of children are named after its heroes and heroines, ever with the fond hope that they may emulate the virtues of Samuel and of Paul, of Mary and of Elizabeth, that they may approximate the fame of David and of Peter, of Deborah and of Priscilla; or as if, at least, we thought there was something of distinction in even bearing a name which already and for so long had worn a glorious aureole and that thus a child had either a flying start of borrowed fame or a psychological stimulus to worthy character.

The Bible doesn't give very many biographies in detail, while there is a noble army of those who are just mentioned, merely touched with a swift brush, perhaps only alluded to, who are given a place in the great unnamed chorus or who are faintly, dimly outlined in the shadowy backgrounds of the master artists. There, for example, is that little boy who supplied the materials with which Jesus worked the miracle which fed the multitude. Who was he? Who knows? There was that little woman who dropped her two coins in the temple box and was immortalized immediately in a never-to-be-forgotten sentence of the Lord's. There was that obscure group at

Ephesus which we might name the lesser twelve apostles. Even such a place in the great gallery as that of Governor Gallio, or the unknown town clerk at Ephesus, each championing justice and fair play and photographed in the act, is surely to be envied. In the fifth chapter of Acts and in the twelfth we read of the apostles being in jail and the angel of the Lord coming and letting them out. Who was the angel of the Lord? Did he come from heaven or did he belong on earth? I know that the chief priests might have proved themselves angels of the Lord, but they did not. Maybe it was one of those common jailers, who had been converted to Christianity and who could not suffer to see these men of God shut behind iron bars, one of those jailers perfectly willing to run the risk of the penalty on the morrow for the sake of liberating the evangelists. As like as not the angel was a man; but he is unnamed, hidden in the vague but glorious descriptive, "an angel of the Lord."

Some men spring from obscurity into fame, like Napoleon and David Livingstone, like Lincoln and Lloyd George, like Augustus Saint Gaudens and Michael Pupin, leap into fame as if endowed, like the phenomenal athlete, with special spring. But the majority stay in obscurity. Explain it how you will. Whether it be due to mediocrity, whether it be the result of one's own indifference or inaction, whether it be the consequence of self-depreciation and false humility, whether it be ascribed to unfortunate circumstances, or merely to unavoidable contrast, as Mercury cannot be seen for the sun—whatever be the explanation, there is the fact that the majority of us stay in obscurity, and it is palpably an inescapable fact.

Among the obscure ones of the New Testament, despite

his place in the glorious company of the apostles, not unnamed, 'tis true, but practically unknown, is the subject of this study. The theme calls to mind the now familiar lines by Helen F. More, which originally appeared in the *Century Magazine*, celebrating a neglected bit of the story before the battle of Lexington. William Dawes and Paul Revere were dispatched to rouse the country, Dawes starting first.

"I am a wandering bitter shade;
Never of me was a hero made;
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;
And if you ask the fatal cause,
I answer only 'My name was Dawes.'

" 'Tis all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear—
My names was Dawes and his Revere.

"When the lights from the old North Church flashed out
Paul Revere was waiting about;
But I was already on my way.
The shadows of night fell cold and gray
As I rode, with never a break or pause?
But what was the use when my name was Dawes?

"History rings with his silvery name;
Closed to me are the portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me because
He was Revere and I was Dawes."

A name is only a clever mnemonic scheme to aid in identification. Save for the fact that there are only ten figures as against twenty-six letters, and therefore

fewer possible combinations and sounds, numbers would serve just as well as names. You remember Punch's cartoon commenting on the fact that every soldier on the British front was represented by a number. Tommy appearing before his superiors on a charge of misbehaviour exclaims: "They takes me from me 'ome and bungs me in a barracks; they takes away my clothes and puts me into khaki; they takes away my name, and gives me just a number, six 'undred five; they sends me to church, and after a forty-minute sermon, the padre 'e says, 'Number 6-0-5, art thou weary?' and I jumps up and says 'Yes.' And they gives me ten days in the guardhouse just for giving a civil hanswer." Fancy before the city hall the daily line of proud fathers of new babies if we had assigned numbers instead of chosen names, and the solicitude lest 13-13-13 should be assigned to our house.

Intrinsically there's nothing to a name. Take those best known in the legal world, John Doe and Richard Roe, ancient and world-famous plaintiff and defendant. You can say what you please about those convenient anonyms for the concealment of personality but make some derogatory remark about Jack Dempsey's mother and you are likely to be sorry. What's the difference? When John Doe is a name and not merely two words there is something to it; when it has a content, a personal association, then it matters. I once stepped inside the office of a business house in Great Britain seeking to be friendly because the name of the house, a very unusual one, was the name of an admired friend, an industrialist in America. I hardly met with the most superficial courtesy, indeed was treated with manifest suspicion. If I had announced I was the Prince of Wales I should have got action—either my man would have fainted or he

would have knocked me down. But as it was, I myself and the name I uttered were unknown John Does. The Empress Eugenie (daughter, by the way, of a Scots-American named William Kirkpatrick), her husband, Napoleon III, deposed and dead, her son, the Prince Imperial, slain in the Zulu war, she living alone at Farnborough, paid a visit a few years before her death to that scene of some brilliant and some tragic experiences in the life of her nation, the Tuileries in Paris. Alone, by choice, she stepped from her carriage and stooped to pick a few flowers. A grim gendarme roughly forbade her, then softened at her look and asked her name. "Eugenie!" "Now isn't she queer?" he murmured as she turned away. "Why didn't she give all her name? Eugenie? Eugenie what?" It was a mere word, not a name, and a word devoid for him of content, suggesting to his uninformed mind or unalert imagination nothing of the Napoleons, the national struggles, and the picturesque figures of world drama. It had no association, it meant less than the number plates on the cars passing the gardens.

We know how a name can become a thing of value. We know the commercial worth of many a name. By virtue of two signatures a bit of coloured paper becomes a bank note. There are not a few men in our country each of whom could transform any scrap of paper into the equivalent of a million dollars by the simple act of affixing his signature. One at least of the great concerns carries its weightiest arguments in favour of insurance over the names of Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson; the poets are counted on to sell cigars; and actors are requisitioned as the endorsers of all sorts of patent medicines. Indeed, a number of years ago one child had so far identified the man and the medicine as always to

recognize Henry Irving as one of Beecham's Pills. Even to humbler folk there are occasional offers of free beach-side lots and mountain patches in exchange for the commercial use of their names.

We know the historic worth of a name. True, there are many who seem deluded with the fancy that, because some forbear crossed the Atlantic in a most unsanitary ship or fought those British soldiers whose goings were ordered by a stupid king hardly able to speak their language rather than by the flaming champions of honour, justice, and right, therefore they themselves are of a superior order. I had one man who presented, as a subordinate argument for my becoming the pastor of the church he represented, the fact that he carried in his pocket his genealogy going back to his forty-seventh great grandfather. Perhaps it was fear of polluting the precious stream that kept him a bachelor—one woman had already caused trouble, but I am not sure that his record went so far as Eden. We have a rightful pride in our progenitors and the heritage they passed on to us. Take the Presbyterian Church. Some of us may not know much of our ecclesiastical birthright. One of our evangelists is reported to have gone into a Southern community where we had no church, and on being inquired of concerning his denomination answered, "Presbyterian." "Oh, you believe in procrastination," commented the farmer. "No," answered the evangelist, in his simplicity or his wit, "we believe in predestination and practise procrastination." However, the name ought to stir memories of the bold John Knox, epitome of the Scottish Reform movement, of the fearless and indefatigable Francis Makemie who laboured in Maryland and Virginia for twenty-five years till the first Presbytery was formed in

1704, and of John Witherspoon, signer of the Constitution and president of Princeton University, who preached the sermon at the meeting of the first General Assembly. We are part of this goodly fellowship. We are by all the saints who from their labours rest stimulated and inspired to strive so to labour as, like them, to pass on a proud heritage. Their name is our name.

We know the personal worth of a name, I mean its worth as from one person to another. I recall with what pride a deceased and honoured friend used to speak of his letters from a man much younger than himself, and I soon learned that the name of John R. Mott could get anything W. L. Green had. That one name was to him the symbol and seal of the Kingdom of God, a request in that name was to him almost a command of the Most High.

On the other hand a name can be made lastingly to carry the connotation of shame. I have never christened a baby Benedict Arnold and I feel sure no other living minister has. This apostle of whom we are thinking carried and carries the load of a bad name, and every child and man called Judas about that time carried the same load. When people mentioned him they had to add an apologetic, "No, I don't mean the betraying Judas, not Iscariot, you know, but the other one." The chairman for a good many years of the National Democratic Committee once told me that in the early days of his political experience he was so embarrassed by people forgetting everything of his rather difficult polysyllabic name save the first part that he was compelled to chop off the final and penultimate syllables and to keep only what everybody could easily recall. Think of the embarrassment after Calvary, inherent not in what people could

not remember of the name of Judas but in what they did remember.

We come into the world with a clean slate on the whole. Our surname is inherited. Our Christian name is just what it is called, our given name. It is given by the whim, the dream, the affection, the obligation of our parents, and we may be satisfied with it or hate it later on. With that choice we have nothing to do. But we have to do with the determining for that name a significance good or ill thereafter. From our city a youth has just been sent up for twenty years of residence in our state prison, with another sentence hanging over him when he gets through with that one, because he wasn't decent enough to carry the good name of his father undefiled. Another man of astonishingly high position here had to be arrested recently in the presence of his broken-hearted mother and younger children because in spite of his learning and opportunities he could not keep their name or his name or other names out of the dirt. No sense of fair play. No sense of obligation to the family, behind or ahead. Nothing but the unsocial, selfish, damnable conceit that one's life is one's own and one can do with it what one will. No realization that no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself.

By the same token, however, we can redeem a name with a bad significance. Jerry McAuley and Sam Hadley had tied the worst reputations to their names but, by the grace of God, they disentangled them and left them things of honour. Socrates' name was in an ugly body but he made that name a thing of beauty for all the world to hail. Alexander Whyte was born out of wedlock but his glorious ministry redeemed what was given to him in shame.

It is not what we get in infancy, it is what we make in developing maturity that counts. More and more I am appalled at what we demand of youth. What are we at by all our precepts, our commands, our threats, our urgings, and our enticings? It is to persuade them so to act now as that twenty, forty, fifty years from now they will be content and happy so to have acted. Dean Brown of Yale recalls the coming to New Haven some fifty years ago of a freshman named William Howard Taft. The name, given him by a good family in Cincinnati, was unknown to the great majority of his classmates; but its owner proceeded to make it known, to clothe it with glory and with honour. By his geniality he made friends of his fellow students. By his scholarship he won the respect of his instructors. By his faithfulness in all college affairs he won the regard of those who viewed horizons outbounding college class rooms. By his interest in matters of public service and the attitude pertaining thereto he caught the eye of those who ever dream dreams for the youth of promise. He could not be President of the United States or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court when a lad in Yale; but as a college undergraduate he had it in his power so to defile his name as to kill all chance of his ever occupying a place of outstanding honour. "What a man desires in his youth, he shall have in his age—and as much as he will."

This man Judas son of James was quite an ordinary man, with no conspicuous spiritual aptitudes, just as shortsighted as Philip and Thomas, just as anxious for sensational success and worldly conquest as the Boanerges. The only word we have of his shows this: "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world? That can't be. World conquest means

universal manifestation." But he must have gone far to make up for the evil his fellow apostle did to their common name. He won the affection of the ten where the other earned their undying contempt. That other was always to be the betrayer, this one had coined for him two friendly appellations, as a fond father, not content with formal designations, coins pet names for his daughters. At least I like to think that Lebbæus and Thaddeus, the two extra names given him which cause him to be called Trinomius, the three-named, were given as affectionate nicknames. All these names seem to have kindred meanings; they are linked with the idea of praise. Maybe he was the singing apostle, whose very presence dispelled gloom, mutual suspicion, and threatening misunderstandings. At his approach someone would exclaim: "Quit your grousing now; here comes Cheery!" Then came a laugh and another crisis was by. If any confusion of names arose there was immediate apology: "Oh, no, I don't mean him, I mean Judas the cheery, everybody's favourite."

Thus Judas, not Iscariot, has given to a name, elsewise forever clouded, a spiritual content of which no man need be ashamed. His message moves us to strive to preserve the best our names imply and to strive to give them that spiritual content, to make them synonyms for success no doubt, but more to make them symbols of honour, service, goodness, and courage.

I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
  Of souls that faint and tire;
I know of a name, a name, a name,
  Can set this land on fire;
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame—
I know of a name, a name, a name,
  Will set this land on fire.

X

THOMAS

"Melancholy marked him for his own."
Gray, *Elegy*.

"Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"—John 14: 5.

X

THOMAS

"Melancholy marked him for his own."

The name of Thomas or Didymus means "The Twin"; but I have never heard a question raised about his brother. Nobody seems curious about him. I should like to know whether he was an identical twin. Were the two dressed alike as little boys? Did the schoolmaster have his worries as to which deserved the punishment and which the praise? Did they stay unmarried and live together because separation seemed like an amputation? Or were they conspicuously different in appearance and character? Maybe the other twin was a girl. Is that why Thomas does not have a brother in the apostolic group as did the sons of Zebedee and the sons of Jonas? Or did the brother, if brother it was, so far overnurture that which we have come to think as typical of Thomas that he was rendered wholly incapable of any active part or interest in any religious movement? Thomas himself, if common judgment be right, had a narrow escape—he came near being so rationalistic as to be shut out of the Kingdom.

However, I am not so sure that common judgment is right. There are two of the apostles to whose names adjectives have been so inseparably tied that to mention the adjective elicits the name and the name the adjective. If I say "impulsive," a ready chorus answers, "Peter";

if I mention Thomas, automatically the crowd cries, "Yea, *doubting* Thomas." All too easily we assume that these appellations are exhaustively descriptive, though it be manifestly hard on a man to have his mortal memory compacted into a dissyllabic adjective, particularly hard, I think, in the case of Thomas. It is not that he did not ask questions but that we have chosen a most unfortunate word with sinister if undefined implications to record the fact. I wonder how you would describe Thomas, whether after reading all the little that is said of him in the one Gospel that speaks of him you too would be content to damn him for his doubts and sear his hide with the old brand.

There are two or three ways in which he might be thought of. We might speak of him as a conceited skeptic, one who sneered at everybody else as gullible, who sniffed when a fellow apostle remarked upon his own personal feelings. "Feelings! What do feelings amount to? What do they prove? I trust to nothing but my brain supported by my five good senses. You will have to show me." Maybe he was that member of the board who is in the habit of waiting till all the others have expended their enthusiasm over the new project, and who then comes in with what he is pleased to call his hard-headed common sense, usually otherwise described by the supporters of the project as "a wet blanket." He certainly is no dreamer of dreams and is most intolerant of him who is. He has so habituated himself to examining microscopically all sides of every project that he never sees the whole and has no memory save for flaws. He has noted that his friends nudge each other when he is called upon for an opinion and settle back with a bit of a smile, as who would say, "Well, here goes the crank again. We shall at least

have spice." And he has cultivated the conceit of being the crank and of giving them the spice.

There are a good many skeptics of that sort. Their skepticism never keeps them awake nights; it does not eat into their souls; it gives them no anguish; it is no burden; it is all on the surface of their minds; it gives them no concern save when their friends are around; it is only a form of personal advertising, a method of feeding vanity. I recall one such down in New York State (in this case his tongue weighed more than his brain) who blatantly boasted about the village that he did not believe in inspiration. This word reached a good old Baptist deacon, as it was meant it should, and the day came that all the community itched for when the braggart and the defender of the faith should meet. It was in the grocery store at the four corners. There was no preliminary fencing. Straight to the attack went the gaunt, Lincolnian deacon, and I can hear his hard nasal voice now as he makes his first thrust. "So you don't believe in inspiration, eh?" "No, sir, no such foolishness for me." "Well, what do you think of respiration, eh?" It was a bow drawn at a venture, and the ignorant boaster was routed. Thomas was none such, none of your conceited or stupid skeptics was he.

We might think of him as temperamentally incredulous, by nature reflective with a pessimistic bent, as if at his birth Nature had at once pushed up his eyebrows and pulled down his mouth. Thorwaldsen has sculptured him as a grave man with measuring line in his hand. Such an one would certainly "prove all things" but would little expect to have enough left to justify the continuing precept, "hold fast that which is good." His examinations would be conducted with the expectation of finding the

worst. The best things would always be too good to be true. There are plenty of us of this breed, on whose minds and hearts life's problems and questions register, but who rarely discover solutions or remember proffered answers; who are like that missionary college mate of mine who was disgustedly described by a fellow labourer as knowing "more things God Almighty cannot do." I have just read of one such upon whom only miseries and difficulties seem to make an impression, whose very present joys are discounted or even unperceived. He had had a heavy, worrying morning, and somehow his mind turned to lunch time with visions of a piece of cherry pie. He knew where he could get it, done to the king's taste. When noon came he sought out his particular restaurant, ordered his lunch with the ruddy cut of pastry for dessert. Half an hour later he looked down at his plate and lo, the pie was missing. There were certain evidences on fork and plate that it had disappeared in a perfectly normal way, indeed quite according to the original plan. Then, to his utter disgust he realized that his mind had been so possessed of his miseries that he had eaten the morsel of his dream without knowing it and consequently without enjoying it.

Or again, we might consider Thomas as one of the constitutionally melancholic. There are a good many people for whom one cannot but be sorry, whose souls are jaundiced from their birth, sullen ones who clutch gloom to their breasts as their only delight, like that luckless Scots fisherman who summed up his experience on one stream by saying:

> "Sometimes ower early, sometimes ower late,
> Sometimes nae water, sometimes a spate,
> Sometimes ower cauld, sometimes ower clear—
> There's aye something wrang when I come fishin' here."

Dr. Alexander Whyte in his parish visitation once called on such a disconsolate one, to the recitation of whose misfortunes he patiently gave ear for twenty minutes, and then, having had no opportunity to serve as spiritual adviser, the great divine picked up his hat and gloves and made for the door, throwing back over his shoulders the injunction, "And be sure you forget not all His benefits." If Thomas was this sort, then he was much in misery, self-accusing, self-depreciating, devoured by the inferiority complex, often saying to himself, "I don't belong with this crowd. I don't fit in. I have none of the necessary qualifications. Would to God I had stayed where I was!"

If this be true, what was the cause? There is a passage in the life of Huxley which recalls how, finding himself in a small town of a Sunday while serving on a royal commission, he entered into this conversation with one of his fellow officers. "I suppose you contemplate going to church. What if you stayed here and talked to me about your religion?" At once there was a disclaiming of the necessary cleverness to make adequate apologia before the penetrating clarity of the great mind. "But simply tell of your own experience, of what religion has done for you," insisted the distinguished scientist. Then at the conclusion of the testimony, "I would give my right hand if I could believe that. If only I could believe that!" Well, why couldn't he? If Thomas had that same bend away from easy faith how did he get it? Was it a consequence of poor health or disappointments or social and economic difficulties, or was it an atavistic throwback?

Maybe the explanation of Thomas is in that word "twin." Perhaps he represents a very decided duality of nature, a joining without blending of the intellectual and the emotional, neither of which will ever let him be

perfectly the other. The susceptive in him is ever crying for liberty of expression, but the reflective chokes it back. He is like a city-bred child in the country, or a country-bred youngster in the great halls of a modern hotel—he can't let go. He has, you see, doubt eating into him from both ends. The purely reflective can be at peace, the purely emotional know untrammelled delight —"Happy are they who have not seen and yet have believed." But this twin cannot be happy. That dual nature can never know happiness—it is a cat and a dog with tails tied. The intellectual discounts the emotional, and the emotional is none too sure of the intellectual. When he thinks he is a thinker he perceives himself a feeler, and when he feels he is a feeler and is about to let go in the feeler's freedom from restraint, he is held in by the counsels of himself as a thinker and becomes suspicious of his own emotions. "Except I see the print of the nails and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe."

Now it is nothing against one to want to be shown, to want to have demonstrated the things that are demonstrable. That's what intelligence is for. There's no benediction on credulity, but we would not go far if we always waited for demonstration. If we waited always for the impulse of intellect how much more seldom would we move, how much more barren would life be. If we waited always for the complete satisfaction of the intellect we should never move at all and life would be utterly barren. But in none of the worlds we touch do we have full knowledge. We move "in worlds not realized." At school we thought exact knowledge our aim. It was, but not the chief aim. We did not know till long afterward that there was any limit to our teacher's knowledge or

that his concern was to make *men* out of us. Then we saw in a mirror darkly, and we do to-day.

I'd like to be able, without limitation, to demonstrate anything conclusively—but I can't. If I leave out the phrase "without limitation" the task is fairly easy; but the limitations upon a teacher are legion. First there is the limitation of the facts—he may not see them all. Second, the limitation of his sight—he may suffer from impaired vision even when all the facts are marshalled. Third, the limitation of his brain—he may be incapable of organizing and correlating the parts of his knowledge and from these making justifiable deductions. Fourth, the limitation of his speech—it may be quite beyond him to give clear and comprehensible statement to the points that rest indisputably settled for him. Fifth, and chiefest, the limitation of the pupil's brain—without adequate preparation there cannot be comprehension. The formulæ of logarithms and calculus and chemistry are meaningless when written, save only to the mind prepared by previous study. Yes, we should like to get and give full knowledge; but we can't, no, not in any field. Who can explain the compass, that fragment of steel in its invisible, inexplicable relations to the earth and the stars? But shall we hesitate to risk fortunes and fleets and lives on the undemonstrable probability that it is safe to trust the compass? Science has to build on a foundation of imperfect knowledge. The uniformity of natural law cannot be mathematically proven; but we act as though gravitation could be.

In religion many think they know more than they do, and all know more than they can demonstrate. Some of us credit ourselves with more religion than we have because we are able to answer to certain questions of

credence, "I believe"; and many do themselves an injustice, refusing themselves a place in the Christian Church, though by all the fair tests of character and conduct they must be marked as sincere Christians.

There is a certain body of literature known as Christian Evidences that sets out the arguments for Christianity according to scientific logic. It masses all the arguments from the facts of history, the form and conduct of the physical universe, and the nature and characteristics of the Bible and the Church. The best thing that can be said for such apologetics is that many such arguments carry us through a certain period of intellectual struggle. But on the other hand there is perhaps no apologetic we do not outgrow. If the doctrine rests on its defense, then faith in the doctrine becomes faith in the defense, and with the fall of the apologetic comes the crash of faith. Sir Oliver Lodge says: "It is the absence of anything like material foundation which makes the earth so secure. If it were based on a pedestal or otherwise solidly supported, we should be anxious as to the stability or durability of the support, and we should have a royal commission sitting on it." As it is, the earth floats securely in the limpidness of space. He goes on to make this a parable of Christianity. To rest our religion on physical or historic facts is dangerous, not because the facts do not exist but because it gives up whole realms of other and often nobler evidence.

We go at religion, in our unpoetic, unimaginative Occident and especially in our non-liturgical churches, as if it were merely a body of arguments and as if God had left us to discover Him by believing those arguments. Every few years we make effort to get everybody to sign

on our dotted line and, according to the character of the group making the effort, it is discouraging or even maddening to the intelligent or to the unintelligent. Subscription to a creed by a thousand people could mean a thousand different things, for it might express a thousand different opinions based on a thousand different experiences of people of varying age, education, travel, imagination, gift, reading, nature. The creeds were drawn up and imposed by majorities, and you can't be sure all the majority mean the same thing, and you certainly don't convince the minority by outvoting them.

We fancy we should be happy if religion were as scientifically demonstrable as "the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. . . ." But it is not. Religion is built on half truths, or on truths that are only partly demonstrable, or on a network of probabilities. As Sir William Osler in his treatise on immortality says, "Reason is not on the throne, science is not prime minister; but the heart controls life."

I feel that if we are rightly to judge Thomas in that last act we must observe him in the other two. "Let us go with him that we may die with him," he exclaimed when our Lord was resolved to face the dangers of Judea that he might be with the sorrowing sisters of Lazarus. Thomas really believed death was to be the issue of the foolhardy venture, but he showed no inclination to turn deserter. None of the materialism with which he is constantly charged appears here but rather a vein of the spiritual and the heroic. He expected no reward; but when all were silent and hesitant and it looked like death for Jesus it was Thomas who spoke out in passionate and devoted loyalty. Wherever the Master went he was going, let that

be into the very jaws of doom. That devotion was never outstripped by any other of the twelve.

Again, we have the incident in the fourteenth chapter of John, when into the midst of that lovely poem of our Lord's, "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions," Thomas interjects his query: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" This too is taken to be the word of the doubter, the skeptic, but it seems to me but another illustration of Thomas's devotion to Jesus. He was not much interested in heaven. He said, in effect, "We know nothing of your destination, your goal, whether you are bound north, south, east, or west. How then can we know the route?" His only interest was in Christ himself. So the only answer must be the personal one, "*I* am the way."

Then, there is the last reference to Thomas's experience with our Lord. The crucifixion was over. There was no doubt of that. Thomas had stayed about till the last, broken with the sense of a lost cause. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" had wrung his heart and had nearly driven him to self-destruction. In his despair he was no more incredulous than the others. That twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke shows how full of unbelief the apostolic body was. Nobody believed, nobody expected, nobody hoped. His respect for his fellow apostles, who had often urged the breaking down of his reticence and the utterance of a public testimony, was rapidly disintegrating. "Their talk's worth a lot, isn't it? With all their testimonies, not one to stand by. Why should I foregather with them—they can't help me." That's why he was not in the upper chamber at the time of the first appearance. The fellowship of the disciples meant nothing to Thomas

without Jesus. Life was but dead, with the heart gone. He could believe everything if Christ were in the picture —without him nothing was worth believing.

The tradition is that Thomas and Bartholomew went to India in fulfilment of the great commission and there baptized the three wise men. That inscription on the gateway of the mosque at Futipuhr-Sikri may well have come from this apostolic missionary: "Jesus, upon whom be peace, hath said, Life is a bridge; ye are to pass over it and not to erect your dwellings thereon." The assurance that Jesus lived was all he needed to grip, hold, and inspire him. His difficulty was not in believing, though that word appears. His trouble was an empty soul. Christ was gone. All he wanted was the return. He thought he wanted to thrust fingers and hands into the wounds of nail and spear—but did he?

Look at him. When Jesus bade him make the tests he himself had proposed, Thomas raises his hands only to hide his face. He cares not whether there be a resurrection or not, if so be his Friend has not left him. "My Lord and my God!" he exclaims when he has had no more demonstration than that accorded the others of the twelve. He is called the rationalist but he is no rationalist —he is conspicuously the apostle of the heart. A rationalist would certainly have had a creed—Thomas is the apostle without a creed. He is loyal to Christ with a sincere and devoted passion. That is all he could boast but he could boast that. His loyalty led him through many a labour, many a trial; but see where he arrived. Thomas had none of the thrill of the flying man. He was a plodding doughboy, a slow-going infantryman; but he could bear with all the miseries of that irking service if he knew the Captain was ahead.

"Canst thou see yonder gate?" Pilgrim was asked. "No," was the discouraged answer. "Canst thou see yonder shining light?" "I think I can," was the hesitant reply. "Go thou straightly up thereto, and thou shalt find the gate; at which, when thou art come, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." That is the way of Thomas, and the way of most of us who can see but little save only the great light. We came not to Christianity by way of the resurrection, but to faith in the resurrection by the way of Christ. Immortality is easy with Jesus. All things are possible with him, and with him the best things are sure.

XI

SIMON THE ZEALOT

"Filled with fury, rapt, inspired."
COLLINS, *The Passions.*

"*. . . and Simon called Zelotes.*"—Luke 6: 15.

XI

SIMON THE ZEALOT

"Filled with fury, rapt, inspired."

The story of Jesus' early life, as far as it is told in the New Testament, is very simple and beautiful and believable. It fortunately escapes the tendency of later times to entwine with a tangle of legends and fairy tales, sometimes poetic and often grotesque, such as appear in the apocryphal New Testament and in the Golden Legend —the giving of life to clay birds made on a Sabbath Day, the transforming of playmates, now into he-goats and now back again into humans, the striking dead by a word of a lad who had run against Jesus and knocked him down. Among these ridiculous tales is one of a comrade's being bitten by a serpent, but who was saved from death because Jesus bade the snake come from his hole and suck out the poison; whereupon the snake swelled up and burst, while the boy recovered. "And this boy," adds the story teller, "is that Simon the Canaanite who is mentioned in the gospel." That is one way to begin the biography of Simon Zelotes, one of the twelve apostles; and the minds that easily accept all the fanciful traditions of mystery and miracle that cling to the chronography of saints and martyrs would probably begin there.

Let us begin otherwhere.

The prohibition of the second commandment was carefully observed by the Jews—"Thou shalt not make

unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." That prejudice, while incomprehensible to the nations that had to do with the Jews, was generally respected by them; and in particular was this true of the Romans. Pilate, however, early in the period of his government, so Josephus tells us, in contravention of this custom and heedless of the aversions and dispositions of the people, caused the imperial standards with their brazen eagles to be carried by night into Jerusalem. To the pleadings that these be removed he gave the people no response, save only to order his soldiers surround them and kill them off if they persisted in their annoying objection. This kind of blunder was not uncommon; so that when he would do good (as, for example, build a needed aqueduct, which very aqueduct has been undertaken anew by the British government since the war) it was impossible for him to do it without danger. Under such a ruler the national passions were in a state of continual agitation. So, when he ordered the votive shields of the legions, bearing his own name graven beside that of the Emperor Tiberius, to be hung upon the walls of the citadel of Antonio, when he would demand a special census for purposes of taxation, almost every time he asserted Rome's imperial authority and the subservience of the Jews, patriotic fanaticism flamed afresh. On one such occasion, about twenty years before the beginning of Jesus' ministry, Judas of Gamala, along with one Sadduk, a Pharisee, organized a body of revolutionaries to strike for the political and religious rights and liberties of the Jews, and by these instigated the people to riot in the name of religion. The leaders, of course, were executed, many of their followers slain, and

their blood, Luke tells us, mingled with their sacrifices. The rest were scattered.

These were the Zealots. At first they were highly, perhaps purely, religious and patriotic, but later became more and more extreme, like the Jacobins, that political club of the French Revolution. Père Michel Gérard, the peasant innkeeper from Brittany, whose rough waistcoat and plaited hair became the Jacobin fashion, once in making a motion said of his fellows: "When I first sat among you I heard so many beautiful speeches that I might have believed myself in heaven, had there not been so many lawyers present." The Zealots too became politically ambitious and scorned no means as unworthy their adoption. When, in 44 A.D., Herod Agrippa, made by the Romans "king of the sacrifices," would sit in his palace overlooking the temple and from its upper windows observe all that passed in the market place, and fancy every knot of Jews an organized unit intriguing against his throne, the Zealots raised the wall of the sanctuary to cut off his view. They put the fear of death in all their time-serving fellows by a system of private assassination, and so moved the chiefs of the priesthood and the nobility to plead for Roman occupancy. This was what the Zealots wanted. A furious battle took place at the entrance of the troops, but they gained the citadel and the upper city. After seven days, however, they were forced to capitulate, and, in violation of all sworn pledges, were put to the sword. On that very day, at that very hour according to Josephus, while fanatical Jews plunged their daggers in the hearts of Romans, twenty thousand of their own people were massacred by Syrians and Greeks in Cæsarea; and the madness spread over all Syria, lasting through years.

The people at Jerusalem were divided into three camps. Each, instead of forgetting itself for the greater end, struggled for the place of leadership—John of Gischala, who tried to kill Josephus, with six thousand at his back, Simon Bar Gioras with fifteen thousand, and Eleazer with two thousand Zealots more fanatic than the rest, made the streets to run blood. One held the lower city, one the upper, and one the temple area, each fighting the other, setting fire to the granaries, their indispensable food supply, before the siege had begun, butchering their fellows in a city scarcely a mile square, committing murder over scraps of meat, viciously weakening themselves before ever the mighty artillery of Rome hurled its huge boulders against the walls or the battering rams had struck their first blows.

It was the Zealot revolt, resolved upon "treading on the neck of the eagle," which ended in 70 A.D. with the destruction of Jerusalem, when a million men were slain, ninety-seven thousand taken prisoner, and all above seventeen years of age sent off to the mines of Egypt or to feed the beasts in the arenas of Europe; when "fell, and forever," as Milman records, "the metropolis of the Jewish state. . . . Of all the stately city—the populous streets, the palaces of the Jewish kings, the fortresses of her warriors, the temple of her God—not a ruin remained, except the tall towers of Phasaelis, Mariamne, and Hippicus, and part of the western wall which was left as a defense for the Roman camp."

Now, I am interested in this movement; for out of it came one who was to be an apostle of our Lord. How came the transition? What marked him as fit? Did he take to Jesus first, or Jesus to him? He is mentioned only

four times in the New Testament but all we are given is his name and this word, Zealot, or Kananite (not Canaanite, for it is the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek descriptive, and not a geographical locative). Not a single incident is linked with that name. Not a deed is recorded to show the stuff of which he was made. If an adjective must be found to serve as a personal characterization, why choose one that more fittingly belongs to the other Simon? Certainly it cannot be that he outflamed, outburned in zeal the chief of the apostles, else had we some record to justify the descriptive. But it is distinctive—that's why it is there. *Simon himself chose that it should be there.* In his humility he desired this political designation as a record of his shame.

Behind the outward patriotism of the Zealots was secret crime and dark deeds of fanaticism, and the organized agency of the Cicarii, men of the dagger, whose business it was to get rid of all supporters of foreign government and all who stood in the way of the Zealots' will. Jesus was a leader but not a political revolutionary. His passion demanded not the immediate overturning of thrones. He could say, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," as if anything a Jew had could rightfully be claimed by a Roman emperor. Jesus, therefore, with his cowardly, subjective, spiritual and social idealism, stood in the way of the true revolution; and he must be got rid of. That assignment was Simon's.

But when he came, clutching his dirk, the blade lying along his wrist and hidden under his sleeve, ready for his dastardly deed, something happened, that same something that has so often happened since—"Never man spake like this man"; "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

I say it has often happened since. Bruce Barton in *What Can a Man Believe?* gives a telling illustration of this. Before an assembly of college upper-class men two speakers were to appear, one a well known bishop of the church, the other a well known lecturer noted as an agnostic. A debate was scarcely avoidable and its avoidance hardly to be desired by such an audience. The bishop spoke first, a man of wide experience and travel, a former missionary who had risked life more than once as a good soldier of the cross, a man of learning and sincerity and spiritual power who had made friends among the world's best servants, one who knew the hearts of men with all their hopes and fears, their joy and anguish, yet who ever bore upon his very face the sign of the peace of God. "Nothing that is worth while in life can be proven," he said, and proceeded to show the colossal assumptions upon which all science is built, all business transacted, all life lived. He conceded that he could not prove the existence of purpose behind the universe; but he contended that the contrary could not be proven either. And since, therefore, the choice was free between the two alternatives, he chose the positive faith. It gave significance to life. It clothed him with conviction. It substituted hope and courage for worry and fear. It was the path to power. When he had done, the other speaker rose, looked down into the eager eyes of his youthful auditors, and, after a long pause, began: "I am going to surprise you, my young friends. Perhaps in a sense I shall disappoint you." He veered away from all debate, from the marshalling of the great skeptics of history and the redeclaring of their arguments and their hopeless conclusions. "I have changed my purpose. I am going to say only one thing to you young gentlemen. It is

this: if you can believe the things that my friend the bishop has been saying, then in God's name believe them! I would give anything in the world if I could. For what the bishop has claimed for his faith is true. Skepticism has no vitality; the motive power of progress is faith."

It is the ever recurring tale of those who come to scoff but remain to pray. That was the way with Simon.

There are many ways of becoming a Christian. Some persons we know never were other; from their earliest days they have been bearers of the fragrance of the garden of the Lord and their lives have been beautiful with Christian graces. Many, very many, have entered into life by the natural steps of their own education, by the realization of their own inadequacy to meet the issues of life and answer its questions, by the steady effort to lay hold on something which, apart from Christ, has always eluded them. Some are initiated through unusual intellectual or emotional shocks—a world plunged in war did send many to their knees; the death of a friend, the cry of a new-born baby, the flame of a great love, have done it too. And some are brought into the kingdom only after having spent years in hell, brought in by sudden and complete moral transformation. It is good for us occasionally to read "The Puncher," "Rags and Bones," and the other astonishing chapters in Begbie's startling volume, *Twice Born Men;* John Hopkins Davison's *Beside the Bowery;* the tale of the Water Street Mission by the blessed friend of the down-and-out, the redeemed drunkard, Sam Hadley; *A Gentleman in Prison,* the story of Tokichi Ishii, a Japanese murderer, who paid the extreme penalty and was buried in the potter's field of the temple of the King of Heaven Tennoji, but who, in the period between his crimes and his death, gave rare

evidence of the grace of God in his heart; or, for that matter, Darwin's testimony of the wonders wrought in the lives of the savages of Tierra del Fuego, to be accounted for, not by newness of breed and blood streams, of environment and education, but only by the miracle of the grip of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Christianity is not all the building of hospitals and the endowing of colleges, not all the carrying on of the civilizing ministry of beneficent institutions, not all the teaching of trades to African lads and housekeeping arts to Indian maidens. It is redemption. It is transformation. It is moral remaking. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, to seek and to save that which was lost.

Scholars who would report to us the ways and habits and superstitions and thoughts of ancient people are dependent upon three sources of information. First, the inscriptions cut in stone, cast and engraved in bronze, or scratched on lead or gold; second, the papyri, those early writings on the pressed papyrus sheets, which, in a dry country like Egypt, could be preserved indefinitely; and third, the ostraca. "Ostraca" is blood kin to our word "oyster" and is parent of the word "ostracism." The ostraca were broken shells or bits of pottery (Isaiah describes tellingly man's nothingness before his Maker as "a potsherd among the potsherds"), worthless fragments on which often, since the common people had no paper or parchment, notes were made, and on which, at all sorts of elections, votes were registered. *"Ostracism"* ought to be the "election result," whether favourable or unfavourable to the candidate; but, like many another word, it has come to have only the dark and sinister definition. It is the vote of banishment; it is the blackball; it is condemnation. However, that shard of pottery,

that waste fragment, might very well have borne inscribed upon its face the name of a great man, the name of the greatest of Greeks.

Such a potsherd was Simon the Zealot, a dark character, an assassin, who for a few coppers would stab any man in the back with never a pause for conscience' sake, a cast-off from the society of the decent, with enough neither of patriotism nor of religion to extenuate his faults, but becoming a voting tablet for the Lord. Forever he stands as the miracle of a high suffrage—his vote made him. No need to retail his past in the sacred record—"Simon, the Zealot," it's all there.

"What think ye of Christ," friend? when all's done and said,
Like you this Christianity or not?
It may be false, but will you wish it true?
Has it your vote to be so, if it can?

XII

JUDAS

"The little rift within the lute."
TENNYSON, *Idylls.*

"The devil having put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him."—John 13: 2.

XII

JUDAS

"The little rift within the lute."

The most dramatic figure in the New Testament is not Peter or Paul, not Pontius Pilate or Lazarus, but Judas Iscariot. The most dramatic descriptive sentence in the New Testament is in the thirteenth chapter of John, which is not without others, where we read that, when the traitor had received the sop from the Master's hand at the table of the Last Supper, he went immediately out—*"and it was night."* The art of Rembrandt is in those four words. There is suggested the bold outline in four acts of the tragedy of the betrayer, each act epitomized in one word. Act one, *Dawn*—childhood and youth, with its forming habits being shaped by the hammers of circumstance. Act two, *Noon*—the glory of life in the brightness of the sun of righteousness. Act three, *Evening*—the receding from the great light back into the shadows of the powers of darkness. Act four, *Night*—gloom, separation, solitude, catastrophe, complete engulfment in the abyss of blackness.

Among the most dramatic incidents in the New Testament are several that gather about the person of Judas. In the face of the defection of many former disciples, and in answer to Jesus' query, "Will ye also go away?" Peter undertook to speak confidently for the whole apostolate

and to swear, at least for that inner circle, unwavering allegiance; only to be dumbfounded with the words, "Have not I chosen you twelve, just twelve? And one of you is a devil." How tense, how tremendous the suspense around the table of the supper as the Saviour announces, "One of you shall betray me"; the breathless inquiry proceeds, each fearful of himself, yet each seeking to clear himself, "Lord, is it I?"; as the calamitous word is uttered, "Woe unto him by whom the son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born"; and as the aside of full knowledge is whispered to Judas, "He that dippeth bread with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." Or think of the kiss there in the woods where the Master went, clean forspent, forspent, the perfidious kiss under the leaping yellow flares, amid the shouts of the incited crowd that cried for blood. Or the flinging of the thirty pieces of silver at the feet of the gibing priests, whose only consolation for a penitent and despairing soul was, "What is that to us? See ye to it." Or the crash and collapse on the edge of that no-man's-land that is called the field of blood, the climax of despair, the hanging on Aceldema. What story could be more packed with the dramatic? Indeed, almost every sentence that aims to describe the caitiff is vividly so in its content. Consider some of them.

"One of the twelve." Who ever had a better chance than Judas Iscariot? With Simon and John he was elected to the place of honour that night of agonizing prayer on the hillside. With Philip and Nathanael he was commissioned to go forth, with power to heal the sick and to cast out demons. It is highly probable that he came of good family, that in sentiment, intellect, and æsthetic feeling he had affinities for the noble and the holy. But what did these

avail him? Mention his name, and at once and involuntarily one thinks of the great but contemptible figures of history and of fiction. Alcibiades, near relative and ward of Pericles, pupil of Socrates, with beauty, wealth, position, and ability great enough to support even his devouring ambitions; but with an almost incredible capacity for deception and incapable of a consuming loyalty. Tito Melema, for whom every sacrifice was made by a foster father, to whom every aid was advanced by admiring friends, but who proved himself a scoundrel, a liar, and a robber, traitor to Bardo de Bardi, the blind scholar, traitor to Romola, his impeccable wife, traitor to old Baldasarre, whose love had gathered him up from filth and poverty and had set his feet in the way of fortune. Robespierre, who at twenty-four resigned his appointment as criminal judge of Arras rather than override his tender conscience to decree capital punishment for a single soul, but who later became the evil genius of the French Revolution, guillotining, after trials that were but parodies of justice, as many as two hundred a week, involving friends of his own, like Danton, who unfortunately had superior abilities. Francis Bacon, the finest intellect in England, who averred he took all knowledge for his province, and justified the asseveration; but who was a mere toady to the vile Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and as the Lord Chancellor of the latter's creation gave England "the most disgraceful years of a disgraceful reign," till he went down in shame, confessing to Parliament his guilt as a receiver of bribes in the highest seat of justice. Benedict Arnold, knowing the glory of victory at Ticonderoga, master of strategy at Crown Point and St. John's, shooting the rapids of the Kennebec and the Chaudiere, camping on the Plains of Abraham, making

the daring escalade of the heights of Quebec, fearless at Ridgefield, with characteristic bravery breaking through the Indian blockade at Fort Stanwix, playing the soldier in the two battles at Saratoga, appointed to command at West Point on the Hudson; but despised by all the world because guilty of the greatest crime known to civilized nations. These all are of the seed of Judas, men of the highest powers, "of the twelve," who yet prostituted their endowment and left to posterity names that must be only and forever the synonyms of shame.

"Son of perdition." Judas was not chosen because he was bad; he certainly was not chosen to become bad. Divine knowledge or foreknowledge does not hamper human liberty. He was appointed because he had certain useful aptitudes. But his strength proved his weakness; his talent was his trap. "Son of perdition" was, I think, a kind of nickname. He who often cried, "Why this waste or loss?" who was always counting pennies and estimating costs, came to be known as "the son of waste"—perhaps that's all the name means. They still live, the penny-wise and soul-foolish, the Balaams, who have been given a prophet's vision but who live with their miser souls.

"Who also betrayed." In every list of the apostles he is so marked off. The records refuse to let us forget it for a moment. Legend and tradition take it up and extend with wild fancy the tale. The hatred of the traitor still finds strange symbolic expression in various parts of Christendom. On Easter eve in the island of Corfu, where tradition says he had his house and country villa, the people, at a given signal, throw vast quantities of crockery from their windows and roofs into the streets, thus executing an imaginary stoning of Judas.

"Satan entered into him." Iscariot is another form of Ish-Kerioth, Kerioth being perhaps a section in Judea. He was, you see, the only one of the twelve not a Galilean. The jealous mind feeds on fancies. Whenever discussion arose as to who should be greatest he drew off by himself—there was no chance for him, he reckoned; he was, in that circle, hopelessly outvoted for any preferment. When in the outspoken society of one-time fishermen his stinginess was remarked he knew it was because he was not a Galilean. When Peter and James and John were separated from the rest for greater intimacy with the Master was it not apparent that it was not ability that determined the selection, but clannishness? Jealousy is a devil's wedge. A wrong idea spells ruin for a friendship. Little foxes spoil the vines. Little sparks make great fires. When once Satan gets a poisoned idea into a heart he is likely soon to establish himself there in easy permanent residence.

"Judas had the bag." The poets, following the lead of DeQuincey in his essay, seem all anxious to champion the good name of Judas. He was neither a petty thief nor a dirty traitor. He only judged Jesus slow to bring in the kingdom. According to Claude Houghton,

> "I betrayed him unto them
> That he might set them free."

With political foresight, says Frank Kendon, he appealed to Jesus,

> "Rouse them—king them—set them free."

Countee Cullen goes farther still in a recent poem and makes the great betrayal the response and sacrifice of the deepest love to the request of the Saviour, the volun-

tary facing of the obloquy of all time and time's children, for the sake of the salvation of those very cursing millions. It would be most comfortable if we could believe his action motivated by anything so profound and praiseworthy; but I do not see how, with the simple records as they are, unvarnished by modern imagination, we can look on him as anything better or anything other than a thief, a renegade, a traitor.

Judas, to me, was the dope fiend of the twelve. What Judas did to Jesus was made possible by what Judas did to Judas.

> Still as of old
> Man by himself is priced;
> For thirty pieces Judas sold
> Himself, not Christ.

Much of the curse of sin is in its cultivated or compelled secrecy. By that secrecy the transgressor is sinning more against himself than against society, sawing through his own moral underpinning, rendering himself growingly incapable of those reactions to temptation which are expected of men of character, and constantly making himself the victim of dreads lest what he is in the chamber be shouted from the house tops. That's a good word of Bishop Brooks to youth: "To keep clear of concealment, to do nothing which he might not do out on the middle of Boston Common at noonday—I cannot say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. . . . Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off forever, if you can."

Pilfering was the secret sin of Judas. We are all capable of financial dishonesty. The newspaper cries out its daily sermon to us, bidding us make note that those in high

places, honoured with fame and trusted with fortune, are not immune. It is easy to say that so small a matter as greed for a few dollars does not account for the great transgression. But we could understand it if the temptation were to drink. I have seen poor bedeviled souls, given fluid for the washing of store windows, wait till the solid matter had settled in the dish and then lap up like a dog the alcohol that remained on top. Have there not been, of our knowledge, those who would sell their souls for liquor? More intensely true is this, perhaps, of the victims of drug habits. It is utterly unreasonable that men and women of refinement should become careless of their health, negligent of their attire, dirty in their persons, and capable of all kinds of trickery, subterfuge, and sacrifice of themselves and their friends, because the narcotic is master of their souls. But it is so. And every now and again one comes across a tale where money is the soul's drug. Lew Sarett chants the requiem of the modern Crœsus:

> To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
> Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
> Was a gleaming golden coin—
> His to purloin;
> The freshly minted stars were dimes of delight
> Flung out upon the counter of the night.
> In yonder room he lies,
> With pennies on his eyes.

Thackeray speaks of the remarkable way in which a five-pound note will break up a half-century's attachment between brethren. One proverb has it that the way to lose a friend is to lend him money. "The love of money," says the apostle, "is the root of all evil." Evidently there is in it much danger, and most danger for those who have

most to do with it. And yet money must continually be passing between us. Those with special ability, like Judas, must be our business intermediaries. If a man can't be trusted with money, he can't be trusted with anything. Clearly it is not the money itself that is the mischief. Arthur Guiterman makes gold to speak the truth for itself:

> "Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,
> Servant am I or the master of men;
> Steal me, I curse you,
> Earn me, I bless you;
> Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you;
> Live for me, die for me;
> Covet me, take me;
> Angel or devil, I am what you make me."

That was Judas's fault—he could not be trusted with money. What was intended for his Master and his Master's cause, Judas, because it was in his possession, seized for himself. "I own what I hold," was his philosophy, a cursed philosophy that leads to unscrupulousness in acquisition and pure selfishness in disposition, to defiance of society and disregard of the ways of God.

And the sons and daughters of Judas are still at it. "I own what I hold. Whose business is it if I spend more on automobile tires than on the kingdom of God? Whose business is it if I declare I can't afford to back a decent benevolent enterprise while there is just being delivered to my garage a new and rather unnecessary car? Whose business is it if my cigars cost me more than my church pew? Whose business is it if my extravagant lust for shoes and hose makes me feel too poor to be polite when I am invited to help a struggling college? Whose business is it if my contributions to the treasury of the hairdresser

and the manicure and the candy maker and the theatre make those to the church's benevolent treasury look as if it were an impertinence to make mention of them at all? Whose business is it? I own what I hold!"

Nobody's business, nobody's business at all—if that be true, if what you hold you own. But you will concede that to be an atheist's creed. "The silver and gold are mine, saith the Lord." He who is worthy of the Christian name holds himself and all that he has as property in trust for the Owner, for which in season he must give proper accounting.

There appeared in one of our papers a while ago a cut giving a magnified view of the Lord's Prayer as chiseled into a flattened head of a common pin. It took an English workman three years of his odd time to accomplish this remarkable piece of microscopic engraving. The glorious Lord's Prayer! Three years of a man's time, whose life is only seventy years long! And all of his skill! But this on material of no lasting or inherent worth. It's waste. Sometimes, noting the material on which God has expended his skill, the objects of his bounty, one cannot but exclaim, "Pinheads! God's waste!" Even the Almighty cannot do big things in a pinhead way. But we are worse than cheap; the selfish graspings and keepings of the people of the church show us to be avaricious and dishonest. And, we may remind ourselves, "when all other vices are old, avarice is still young." Each year adds to its strength, each day to the improbability of its eviction. Wherefore, if the passion for keeping is ever to be mastered, we must needs be about it at once.

But that's not all. F. W. Boreham recalls that Caius Martius, one of Trajan's commissioners appointed to levy taxes in the Syrian provinces, found in the fourth

subdivision of Jerusalem a certain field that could not be taxed because no one would confess to ownership. It could not be bought, it could not be sold. Might it, think you, have been the field of blood. Aceldema? It contained nothing but the broken stump of a withered myrtle tree and just beside it two mounds. *Two!* Why two? Can it have been that some friend of Judas came to the end of the road with a sense of personal guilt, conscious that he had failed a promising youth, that if he had been faithful to his opportunities the man of Kerioth might have gone down in the sacred records as an example of both faith and faithfulness, the hero of youth, the counsel of maturity, the comfort of age; and, conscious of his failure, have taken upon his soul half of Judas's guilt, and so have chosen to share with him the bed of shame? Or might it be that some rare lad, like him whose very looks won the Master's love, clearly endowed with superior gifts and marked by destiny to make the pace even for the vanguard, that such a one took Judas for the pilot of his course, made Judas' ways his ways, Judas' principles his principles, Judas' passion his passion, and so, with perverted, deformed, and stunted soul, have found no fitting place to beach the wreck, save only by the other derelict? In *Bishop Blougram* we read:

> When the fight begins within himself
> A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left himself i' the middle.

That's a great day. But in that day he's not left himself *alone* i' the middle. All he ever loved, all he ever admired, all to whom he ever rendered obeisance, stand with him there, bringing him into captivity to the tug that pulls

upward, or to the tug that drags downward. Judas liveth not unto himself. He is not through when covered with the stones of the field of desolation. Every Judas sires his own kind. He breaks trail not for himself alone. He lives again in lives made evil by his presence. Wherefore should we deceive ourselves?

XIII

JOHN

"Man's distinctive mark alone."
BROWNING, *Death in the Desert.*

"I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."—Revelation 1: 9.

XIII

JOHN

"Man's distinctive mark alone."

If we inquire how many persons compose any one of us, the author of *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde,* the writer of the parable *The Magic Skin,* the composer of the dramatic *Portrait of Dorian Gray,* supported by Saint Paul, would answer "Two!" The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table would stand out for three. Perhaps we should contend for four: the man the world sees us to be, who gives us our reputation; the man our intimate friend has come to know, perhaps tender when others think him hard, generous where others fancy him stingy, or miserly when the crowd credits him with generosity; the man we know ourselves to be; and the man we really are when a just balance is struck, the man God knows us to be. But that is only as we are now. In addition I am a different person at different stages and periods of my life. And, curiously, there be always those who find fault with me for not being now what I was once upon a time.

Well, modern scholars have in this regard their worries over John, the disciple, perplexities the majority of us know nothing of who take the New Testament for granted, who are ignorant of the original languages and of internal evidence as a basis of literary judgment. And yet, even we can remark some of the difficulties on a moment's thought. The name of the author of the several

New Testament writings commonly credited to John is never surely given. There is no Johannine claim to the authorship of the Fourth Gospel or of the three epistles, and though the Revelation was apparently written by one of that name, who shall say that the master of the lurid brush was not some other bearer of that most common prænomen?

It is part of the work of the higher critics to make such scholarly studies as warrant popular belief in this or that authorship. "Higher critic" is an unfortunate term but not one to be afraid of. To many minds it suggests an opponent, an enemy, a destroyer; yet there are no qualms in those same minds about reading an article signed by the musical critic of the New York *Times*—they do not reckon him a foe to music but regard him rather as a well-trained musical judge, discriminator, reporter. So serve the biblical scholars. "Higher" is not an adjective of conceit arrogated to themselves by any body, but is a term given to distinguish from another set of scholars called "lower," whose work must be done before the higher critics begin. Any other adjective, or for that matter numbers or letters as "A" and "B," would have served just as well; but these happen to be the appellations that have stuck. They are like two sets of automobile builders, the lower mechanics busying themselves with the construction of the engine and chassis, the higher at work on the body and finish.

The business of lower critics is to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious in manuscripts, to reconstruct as far as possible the original writings and to give us the best possible text. Without them we could have no Authorized Version or Revised Version or any other. This is no small job and would be absolutely im-

possible even for nine hundred and ninety-nine per thousand of those who have had college Greek. The New Testament was not let down in a sheet from heaven, printed in English, bound in Morocco, and gilt edged. There are some two thousand manuscripts of the New Testament, all of them copies of copies and removed by many years from the originals, and there are all the several versions in various tongues. These must be evaluated, studied, and compared to warrant a Greek text before the work of translation begins. "It is singular to see a man wanting the latest in electric lights yet indifferent about the last word on the New Testament." Then the higher critics, judging by style, allusions, ideas, and other features of internal evidence, seek to determine such matters as authorship, historic background, and present-day significance. You would not speak of the Fourth Gospel as being the work of Saint John if the higher critics had not taught you to do so.

Now some of those scholars, puzzled with the evidence they find, the variations in diction and vocabulary declare: "There must have been three writers, three Johns, if you will, who produced the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Revelation respectively." Some go a good deal further, discerning and differentiating the work of many hands and reconstructing a troublous picture puzzle. They may be right, and there's nothing lost if they are. What care we how many servants were used of the Most High to give us the blessed message of the Gospel?

However, I see rather three main reflections, three mirrorings of the same man at different stages of his developing personality. Here is a religious circular at my hand in which is printed the cut of a college youth who is boasted of as "two months an atheist, one month a pantheist, now

a fundamentalist." That is quick work and does not offer too much encouragement for next month. But the principle is true for us all—we change. The style of the Gettysburg Address is very different from the florid and flamboyant compositions of Lincoln's youth. The great American may have called himself an infidel when he left Kentucky, where to believe in the sphericity of the earth or in a creation that took longer than six periods of twenty-four hours each was to be so condemned by the churches. But he was to be found pretty regularly on the Sundays of his later life in his pew at the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield or in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church at Washington. It was the same man but he had changed, his environment had changed, and the times had changed.

John lived a long life, in many different conditions; probably he lived the longest and latest of all the apostles. The line of apostolic tradition that links us back to him is more trustworthy, more definite, than in the case of any of the others. Irenæus, one of the leading church fathers of the west, himself the bishop of Lyons, fifty years before his death in A.D. 202, went on a mission with Polycarp to see Anicetus, the bishop of Rome, concerning a possible reconciliation on the time of the Easter celebration. Not long after, Polycarp the bishop of Smyrna was burned at the stake. "Eighty and six years have I served Him," these are his memorable words as he refused to take his life in exchange for recantation, "and He has never once wronged me. How shall I then blaspheme my King who has served me?" This Polycarp, in his youth, knew Saint John and shared with Irenæus his memories of the great apostle, which, the younger man averred, were in agreement with the gospel.

Naturally a number of traditions, most of them quite in character with the man we see in the Gospels, have been passed on to us by Irenæus.

For example this: "There are still living people who have heard Polycarp relate that John, having entered a bath house at Ephesus, and having seen Cerinthus inside, suddenly withdrew saying, 'Let us go out lest the house fall down, because Cerinthus, the enemy of the truth, is here.' " Now that is quite in keeping with some other things we know of John. Indeed it is mild compared with his temerity in bidding one to cease from doing good works in Christ's name because "he followeth not us," and his un-Christly conceit that made boast of his deed to the Master; mild compared with his zeal to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans and the cruel literalism which would justify the will to destroy by quoting the prophets. Here was the man who wrote the Revelation, one of the Boanerges.

Away your effeminate pictures of angelic John! He was a son of thunder, a devil-may-care youth who whenever the storm was brewing would have out his boat, who hurried to greet trouble, the kind of lad who in our day would have been in aviation or a member of the Foreign Legion.

Yes, I know we read he "leaned his head on Jesus' bosom," but that is no descriptive of fondling. Men were men then as now and only pious sentimentalists have deduced the clinging vine interpretation of these words. What admiration could you have for any man whose character could be epitomized with such words as "he nestled on his master's shoulder," or what admiration for the master? The words are used only once, in connection with the Last Supper, and they are not used by any but the writer of the Fourth Gospel. You see John sat, or

rather reclined, next to Jesus at that last meal; and of that he became more and more proud as the years went by. (I have heard recently each of three people boast that he was the only person now living who heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his last speech. We easily turn to our own praise our associations with the mighty.) During that supper Peter, who probably was next to John, raised a question that could hardly be shouted the length of the table and made request of John, because of his nearness to Jesus, that he obtain the answer. Now each lay on a couch, leaning on his left elbow, with the right hand free to reach the food, their bodies extending diagonally from the table in parallel lines and each guest lying behind the other. Clearly, if one would whisper to the one behind him, he must lean back on the other's body, especially if he would get the silent answer of the other's eyes. Thus, you see, Peter might be spoken of as "the disciple who leaned on John's bosom," just as John is designated as the one who "leaned on Jesus' bosom." It is not at all a descriptive of character, but only a descriptive of location—he wants to record the fact that he sat next our Lord at the last meal.

John was no softy. He was devoted to his Master but he was most masculine, hot-tempered, intolerant, capable of barbaric cruelty. This is the man who wrote the Revelation, a book produced at a time to stir all the fire in such an one's breast, written in that period of early persecution and martyrdom which reached its climax under Nero, when multitudes were crucified for their Christian faith, were sewed in the skins of wild beasts and exposed to the fangs of mad dogs, or were covered with pitch and resin, nailed to pine posts, and set afire as torches in the gardens while the mad emperor raced his horses down the

blazing avenue of living flame to show his skill as a charioteer. Out of such travail you can understand the birth of a book like the Revelation, with all its terrible language, its imprecations, its anathemas, its comfortable confidence in ultimate and thorough punishment.

You can understand, too, the apocalyptic method, the cryptic method. It is the method common in all dangerous times, used as a means of letting a writer speak his mind to his readers without endangering his skin. Every army uses secret codes in a war. It is not concerned whether the enemy gets the message or not so long as that enemy cannot decode the communication. The meaning of the Apocalypse was clear to John's readers —they had the key. He did not need to call the Roman Empire by name, for the beast and the scarlet woman were easily recognized by the worshippers in the seven churches. Six hundred and sixty-six was the numerical value of the name of the emperor (just as eight hundred and eighty-eight is that of the name of Jesus)—why then risk your head by giving more? Thus, then, you have your first John, this rather young man painting in lurid colours the fall of Rome and of all the political forces arrayed against the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ,

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves;
Caroling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves;
See o'er the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about
Comes the new age.

The second tradition is passed on to us by Clement of Alexandria and has to do with John's life twenty-five or

thirty years after the period we have just considered and during the season when he penned the Gospel, as Irenæus says: "Afterwards John, the disciple of the Lord, . . . published the gospel while he dwelt at Ephesus." Apparently a spirited and most attractive youth caught the attention of the good bishop John just outside the city of Ephesus, and moved him to a settled paternal interest. The youth was welcomed to John's home, instructed in the Christian faith, and ultimately received into the church. Later, however, he fell in with bad companions and became the head of a band of robbers. When John learned of this on his return from one of his episcopal journeys, he straightway set out to find the sheep that was lost. Arrested by outposts of the robber band, he challenged them unafraid: "It is for this I am come. Conduct me to your chief." Shortly he was brought before the full-armed chief, who at recognition of his benefactor and teacher and father in God, fled. "Why dost thou fly from me?" cried John after him, and plead with him in Christ's name to return. The bandit stopped, presently threw away his arms, flung himself in grateful embrace upon the shoulder of the great evangelist, and declared himself ready to return to the ways of righteousness and the house of faith. Here we have the same passion of John's earlier years, but it is now new channeled, the same daring to speak his mind, but stripped of denunciation. It is courage linked with love. Here is reflected the author of the Gospel.

The position of the book of Revelation has given its message a distorted emphasis that would hardly have attached to it had the impression not gone abroad that the Apocalypse was the last word of the last apostle, the

latest revelation of the exalted Christ. Were I to inquire which of the New Testament books was understood to be the most important—not which had helped most, but which it was supposed we ought to think most important —I'll warrant a fair number would vote for the Apocalypse because it is the last book of the Bible and therefore supposedly the latest ray of light on human life and human destiny. But it is not. It is one of the earliest of the writings, and for us one of the least important. It is of course desirable that we should read it, that we should have some comprehension of its import, some appreciation of its passages of beauty, some enjoyment of its pictures of peace, some experience of spiritual transport as we are lifted on the tide of its passionate figures and flung forward on its confusing waves and into its blinding foam. But you can ill afford to steal time from the Gospel for the Revelation.

The logical arrangement of New Testament writings is the chronological arrangement. Paul wrote first the two epistles to the Thessalonians, works touched with vivid imagination, painted in the glowing colours of relative youth, devoted wholly to the imminent world crisis, the coming of Christ. Later this absorbing interest gave way before the insistent demands of his own maturing character and he penned his philosophical and apologetic and controversial works, the epistles to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians. But still Paul grows and he urges his correspondents to keep pace with him, to grow old along with him, for the best is yet to be. He relinquishes no hope, discards no doctrine, but his sky is wide and has room for many stars, and the vast deep blue is the background of them all. So his latest letters

are simple and spiritual, unpretentious and paternal, full of sweetness and tender thoughtfulness, redolent with the fragrance that comes from the garden of God.

It is likewise with Saint John. First he wrote his extravagant, symbolic, anathematizing Apocalypse for a generation in dire need. Then after a quarter of a century or more, when the Boanerges had cooled off and the exciting cause was removed, he wrote the profound message of the Fourth Gospel, still rich in figures, but figures more for the intellect than for the emotions. Finally, in the last days of the century, when the feeble old man had to be carried about and when the veil had become transparent, he summed up all that his seventy years of communion with Christ had taught him, summed it up in three brief unphilosophical and unadorned letters, summed it up in a single sentence, "Little children, love one another." The growth of both these apostles meant a change of emphasis if not a change of belief.

The Fourth Gospel differs from the others because the author had the opportunity of reading the others, of perceiving what had been left unsaid, and of planning the presentation of his fresh material in different form. The beginning does not seem quite in character. For a long time it spoiled the Gospel of John for me; it was too stilted, too pretentious and philosophical. Then I concluded John had the same trouble most of us do in writing; namely, to find a way of beginning. Perhaps he had read a little of Philo, or had heard of his Logos teaching, and like every preacher, like Henry Drummond with *The Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* was anxious to turn the latest learning to account for the glory of God. Then having made his rather clumsy start, like a loco-

motive or a steamboat, he settled down to his smooth, even pace in his happy series of short biographical sketches.

The writer doubtless refers to himself when he speaks of "the disciple whom Jesus loved," but it is a disturbing phrase, implying for many a favouritism inside the apostolate that does not seem likely. No other evangelist uses it, and that not merely because "the disciples were stirred with indignation against the two brethren," but because they had neither heard it nor thought of it. It is used by John only in the latter part of his narrative, in connection with the Last Supper and after the resurrection. The Gospel was years in writing. The farther John gets away from those days of incomparable fellowship, the more he marvels that he was admitted to the inner circle at all. It grows on him how impossible he was, how wild, how intolerant, how selfish, how cruel, and how patient the Lord, how far he saw. How he must have loved! It is like a man thinking of the mother he has lost, discussing in his maturity the cost of love, remembering his selfish ways, his impudence, neglects, late comings, choices of friends unworthy of his mother's son, and all the sins for which he fain would now beseech her sweet forgiveness. "Oh, how she loved, how she must have loved!" he cries. That's it. Peter certainly might have used this phrase of himself if he had thought of it. John did think of it. The un-Christly spirit he had so often shown had been forgiven. The worldly ambition and contemptible snobbishness recorded in the other Gospels against him, which might well have barred him from any part or lot in the great enterprise, had been put behind the Master's back. No anathemas now. He does not much argue even. Virgin birth and deity? Why contend

for these? He uses the case method. His illustrations speak for themselves. Jesus loved with a love that could only be divine and John himself was the supreme illustration of the measure and power of that love.

The third tradition is that in his old age he often played with a pet falcon or pheasant, and, when rebuked for so trivial a pleasure in one who might rather be giving himself to serious and profound affairs, he made his defense by saying, "The bow, if it would keep its spring, must often be unstrung." There is the mellowed author of the Epistles. He is still capable of revealing himself a "son of anger," and flashes "liar" against those who in doctrine or in life are unchristian. The Lord picked no man of putty when he chose John. Nor did conversion mean the denaturing of the fishermen. It was rather a redirection, fires and torrents controlled and concentrated. The Baptist could not quench John's passion and Jesus would not—it was all needed for the kingdom. Steadily with the years, the selfish use of the passion and the selfish end of the passion are eradicated. Think of being the only man in the world who had seen Jesus, and yet not mentioning that fact! Can you imagine the man who often described himself as the one whom Jesus loved not making something of that opportunity? Ah, but he has learned bigger business. That would be his own bragging; that would be a clear effort to draw attention and praise and envy to himself; and he is past that now. His whole end is to make Jesus known and to spread his spirit among men. He had but one word for his people as the young men bore him into the pulpit near the end of his long and eventual life, "Little children, love one another." It was love that had won him and love could never fail.

Our Lord has a place for youth with its ebullience, its fire, audacity, independence, even intolerance. But he expects youth to come to maturity and maturity to ripen into age.

> Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's and not the beast's;
> God is, they are,
> Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

We are on the way. John changed, and we change, passing from one emphasis to another. The unchanging are pathetic, the dwarf tree a touching burlesque of nature, the unmellowing a travesty on religion. "When you are as old as I am," said a septuagenarian to me some years ago, after a vain effort to make me pour my thoughts into his wordy moulds, "you will think as I do." How pathetic that he should find consolation in any such hope that a new generation can only do well if it murmur the old shibboleth. We change. Only it is heartbreaking when our change is a manifest descent from the planes of our forbears and we who have had the inspiration of the character and faith of noble sires give to their grandchildren memories of the cheap, the tawdry, the frivolous, the sensuous, the ignoble.

A misinterpretation of Christ's word concerning John, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee," led to the conviction that John had not died, and hundreds of years after his burial at Ephesus Saint Augustine records that men believed he was asleep and that the ground gently rose and fell with his breathing. But something like that is true. He being dead yet speaketh. Three days after delivering the Yale lectures on preaching in 1914, Silvester Horne dropped dead on the deck of the steamer for Toronto, where he was to

preach on the Sunday. "I was his last convert," says the captain of that ship, "for when Mrs. Horne dropped on her knees in the cabin by the cold body of her husband and prayed so simply and so beautifully, and bade me pray too, I could not withstand. I prayed. I believed. I joined the family of God." He being dead yet speaketh. "In my Father's house are many mansions." "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is." Down through the ages, comforting and inspiring the millions who pursue the upward way, refreshing drooping spirits as the cup of cold water, lifting to faith, pointing to hope, opening to love, proving themselves to be the very word of God, have lived and travelled the good words of this faithful lover of the Lord. Blessed, forever blessed, be the name of John!

THE END

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